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WAIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Wait, my darling, by the shore
Where the dreary waters moan;
You already have crossed o'er,
I am lingering here alone
Stray not in that land of light,
Far beyond the open gate,
Lest I lose you from my sight—
Wait, my darling, darling, wait.

Mine the cross, but yours the crown;
Mine the labor, yours the rest;
You your burden have cast down—
Sorrow lingers in my breast.
All the waves of life's rude sea
Dash my bark with storm-torn sail,
Tempest still abides for me—
You have drifted through the gale.

I upon the hither shore,
You beyond the troubled tide;
Sorrow vexes you no more,
Shadows with my life abide.
Heart that never more shall ache,
Eyes that never more shall weep,
Whilst I sorrow for your sake,
Lying in the last, long sleep.

Wait, my darling, by the shore
Where the river darkly rolls;
Soon I, too, shall journey o'er,
Passing to the land of souls.
Stray not in the land of light,
Pass not through the open gate,
Lest I lose you from my sight—
Wait, my darling, darling, wait.

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye.
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.—NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Her black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.—SHELLEY.

New-Year's eve—the threshold of a new epoch, the antechamber of the future, where the fates and destinies that hover over this mortal world wait in silence for the turning of Time's hour-glass and the sound of his awful voice as he says: "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!"

Snow upon the ground, covering even the dirt of the streets with a white mantle of purity and stillness, as if asking even the city's roar to deep silence during the death hours of the passing year. Cosy comfort and mellow warmth within wherever fortune had blessed the inhabitants of the dwellings with enough of this world's goods to be warm and bright, and above all the deep blue of the Winter sky, and the golden stars looking down upon this half of the lower world like peeps of the glory which we are taught to believe lies beyond them.

Ginevra Pierrepoint drew aside the heavy curtains that shrouded the window by which she sat, and looked out into the night. A weary, haggard woman, with a look of care upon her face, though she was not much past her girlhood. One-and-twenty years at most had passed over her head, yet as she sat there alone, with the look of weary anguish on her face that never left it now in solitude, she looked nearer forty.

The room in which she sat had much the same worn, prematurely aged look about it as its occupant. It was a large, lofty drawing-room in one of the largest of houses—a house that had once been tenanted by the *elite* of the "upper ten," but which, as fashion had migrated, had descended in the scale till for many years it had been let out in "apartments" by people who contented themselves with the basement and the worst of the attics, being willing to put up with alternate baking and freezing in the roof, and the companionship of blackbeetles and rats underground, so that the middle of the house was full of profitable folks, who paid their rent and did not inquire too particularly after the remnants of their provisions.

The ceiling of the drawing-room was handsomely ornamented, but the mouldings were dingy with smoke, and the gilding had turned black with neglect. The furniture had once been the orthodox "suite," with tables and chefioniers to match; but some of it had long since worn out, and had been replaced with incongruous articles, once good and handsome in their way, but with a second-hand look about them that spoke all too plainly of their acquaintance with brokers' shops and second-hand dealers.

The carpet and hearthrug were Brussels, bright once with gay colors, but faded into a dingy drab, with the pattern only distinguishable in the corners and under the pieces of furniture that stood against the walls. The cornices of the windows were heavy and handsome, and held up festoons of faded drapery with battle-axes which might have looked well in some nobleman's library, but which were strangely misplaced in the gaunt dreariness of a London lodging-house. Heavy curtains that had once been crimson fell below them, and were the pride and delight of Mrs. Sebright, the mistress of the house—a widow, who was fond of telling her lodgers of the "better days" which all such people rave about, and which in nine cases out of ten existed only in their fertile fancy. Certainly, if Mrs. Sebright had ever known anything better than her present position, she had forgotten any little refinement or delicacy that had pertained thereto. She was a perfect specimen of the rapacious lodging-letter—a woman who lived on her lodgers, and screwed everything she possibly could out of them. She was great in all sorts of shifts in the furnishing way, and believed in drapery and curtains, and amateur upholstery generally, as covering all sorts of deficiencies.

Curtains made a room look furnished at once, she told her first-floor lodger when she put up the faded glories of the crimson rep, and Ginevra Pierrepoint assented wearily, hardly knowing or caring whether the room was furnished or not in her heart-sickness and loneliness. It was a dismal room, and her life was dismal, and she made no attempt to brighten her dwelling by any bits of the dainty ornamentation so dear to most women.

The room was untidy with the litter of everyday life, and the woman who sat there so listlessly had no heart left in her to put it to rights. Four years before she had been a bright, happy girl, pure and innocent too, actress though she was, and the spoiled "star" of a provincial company. An orphan, brought up by an uncle who had been all his life in the profession, she had appeared on the stage before she could speak plainly, and had rapidly risen till she gained the first place in her uncle's company, and made herself a name that began to be known.

Then her guardian and relative, thinking to advance her interests, got her placed with another company, larger and of more repute than his own, and there she fell in with Hugh Pierrepoint. It was the old, old story of a man's handsome face and winning tongue, and a girl's sentimental fancy and easily worked-upon credulity. By the time she had known him a month the world held no one else for her; in less than two she was his wife, in spite of the warnings every one addressed to her—for Hugh Pierrepoint was well known in the profession.

He was some ten years the senior of the bright girl he had fascinated as completely as ever serpent attracted an unwary bird or rabbit—thirty years old, perhaps, in actual age, but a hundred in villainy of all sorts. Ginevra's uncle, hearing of the entanglement, had come post-haste in search of his niece, and taken her away. But the snare had been too skillfully spread, and the victim was already struggling in its meshes. Deaf to all entreaties and advice, Ginevra Brooke threw up her prospects, and left her uncle's house to become the wife of a man to whom womanly purity was only a laughing-stock, and the modest grace of girlhood of no more worth than the dust that floats upon the toying wings of the wind.

Before a month was over the young bride knew the utter worthlessnes of the man she had married, and would have returned in sick horror to her uncle's house, and begged for forgiveness and a shelter; but he was very ill, lying on a sick-bed from which he never rose, and within six months from the ill-starred marriage he was dead.

Hugh Pierrepoint brought his young wife to London, where her beauty and talent soon procured her an engagement. In the excitement of her business, the misery of her home-life was partly forgotten; but there came a time when she was obliged to renounce it for a while at least. There would be a new link between her husband and herself, and she hoped that the baby face, when it came, would win Hugh from his evil course and give her at least the shadow of the mighty love that he had promised when he set himself to woo her. But the baby was only received by its father with a scoff and a sneer about expense, and Ginevra was told that he hoped she would soon rouse up and be less of a "puling cat" than she had been lately. This was all. No kiss for his child—no loving congratulation for her on her safety after her peril—nothing but selfish heartlessness; and Ginevra turned on her pillow with bitter, heartwrung tears, in the last drops of which ebbed away all the love with which she had glorified her tyrant.

Her recovery was slow, and she was unable to resume her profession again, and her husband neglected her more than ever. She was left alone in her dreary lodgings, very often without the means to provide herself and her baby with food, and she grew prematurely worn and aged. At last Hugh Pierrepoint struck a blow which tore asunder the last frail thread that bound him and Ginevra together, and she resolved to leave him. She heard rumors of his having formed an attachment elsewhere—to a woman as notorious as she was beautiful—one of the shameless creatures who force themselves into the ranks of an honest profession, and degrade it and the honorable wives and pure girls who belong to it.

Hugh Pierrepoint and Miss Vere were openly spoken of together, and the news came to Ginevra's ears. She resolved to have proof of where her husband spent the hours when she was alone, and she found it. A time came when, unseen by the guilty pair, she saw this wanton in her husband's arms. Lip to lip and heart to heart they stood, the painted lips pressed to his cheeks, the diamond-circled arms around his neck; and she heard him murmur, as he had once murmured to her, that he loved this enchantress better than any other living creature on earth.

"Better than your wife?" she asked in a mocking voice.

The answer was ineffably contemptuous, and Ginevra heard it, and did not rush in and confront the heartless speaker. The insult did not fire her to passion—it chilled her to stone, and she went home with a new and bitter resolution in her face and heart.

In the hall she met a fellow-lodger, an old actor, who occupied one room at the top of Mrs. Sebright's house. Mr. Burton held a position in one of the West-end theatres that never changed, and had lived in the same house for many years, only changing from two rooms to one when he lost his wife, now something more than twelve months ago. He was an elderly man, and had shown much interest in Ginevra, sincerely pitying her for her condition. He knew of the misery Hugh Pierrepoint was bringing upon his wife, and sympathized with her sincerely; but he was powerless to aid her, save by kind words and gentle encouragement. He was struck by the look of her face as she entered, and stopped her.

"Child, what is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"What are you going to do, then?" he said. "You have something on your mind."

"Have I any mind at all, I wonder?" she said wearily, and with a strange, hunted look in her eyes. "I think I must be mad, and that it is all fancy. It can't be real; it is too horrible!"

He saw she was in a state of wild excitement, and drew her to her own room, where her baby lay sleeping. Then with gentle tact he drew from her the wretched story, and soothed her into something like calmness.

"And what wild purpose had you in your head when you came in?" he asked. "I saw it in your eyes."

"Nothing wild! I shall go away. If I stay within reach, I shall kill him or myself."

"Or *her*."

"*She* is of no consequence," said Ginevra bitterly. "I should not waste a thought upon her. But I will not stay to be goaded to madness by the thought of her wicked beauty. I will go with my baby, and he shall never see me or hear my name mentioned in his life again."

"My poor child, if you could do it no one would blame you; but where would you go?"

"To America, if I could get there."

"But your health? What would you do? How would you live? You are not strong enough yet to return to the profession."

"I think Heaven will help me. It will be a mother working for her child—a sorrowful woman striving for a peaceful living. Will *you* help me, Mr. Burt? I don't mean with money—I know you cannot do that, and I could not take it from you if you had it—but in other ways. Will you tell me how to go, and whom to apply to when I get there?"

Mr. Burt had been in America twice, and was pretty well acquainted with managers on this side of the water. He promised to do what he could for her, if she really did make up her mind to go.

"It's a wicked thing to be aiding and abetting you in, my poor child," he said. "But your life here is a living death. Have you any money for the journey?"

"No, and I shall get none of his giving," she said bitterly. "If it were not for Mrs. Sebright we should be starved, baby and I. I have a few trinkets left that I can sell. I fancy I can raise thirty pounds. I have sold a few lately, and he has taken all he knew of; but I have a diamond cross and some rings that he has never seen."

The upshot of this conversation was that Ginevra Pierrepoint had all things prepared for her departure on this New-Year's Eve, and was going to turn her back on her home and misery with the first dawn of the coming day.

CHAPTER II.—THE REAPER.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.—LONGFELLOW.

Ginevra was thinking of nothing particular as she sat looking dreamily out into the snowy night; she had thought it all out, and made all her plans. There was nothing now but to go, and for that she was quite prepared. She had sent off a box with necessaries for the voyage, and Mr. Burt had conveyed a bundle of wraps out of the house for herself and child. Mrs. Sebright's suspicions had not been aroused, and Hugh Pierrepoint's interest in his wife's doings was so small that he took no heed of what she was about. He might have kept her love—she was not exacting, poor child. A kind word now and then, a gentle touch, a little caress, and she would have been his patient, willing slave, bearing with all his ill usage for the sake of the stray gleams of sunshine that fell to her lot.

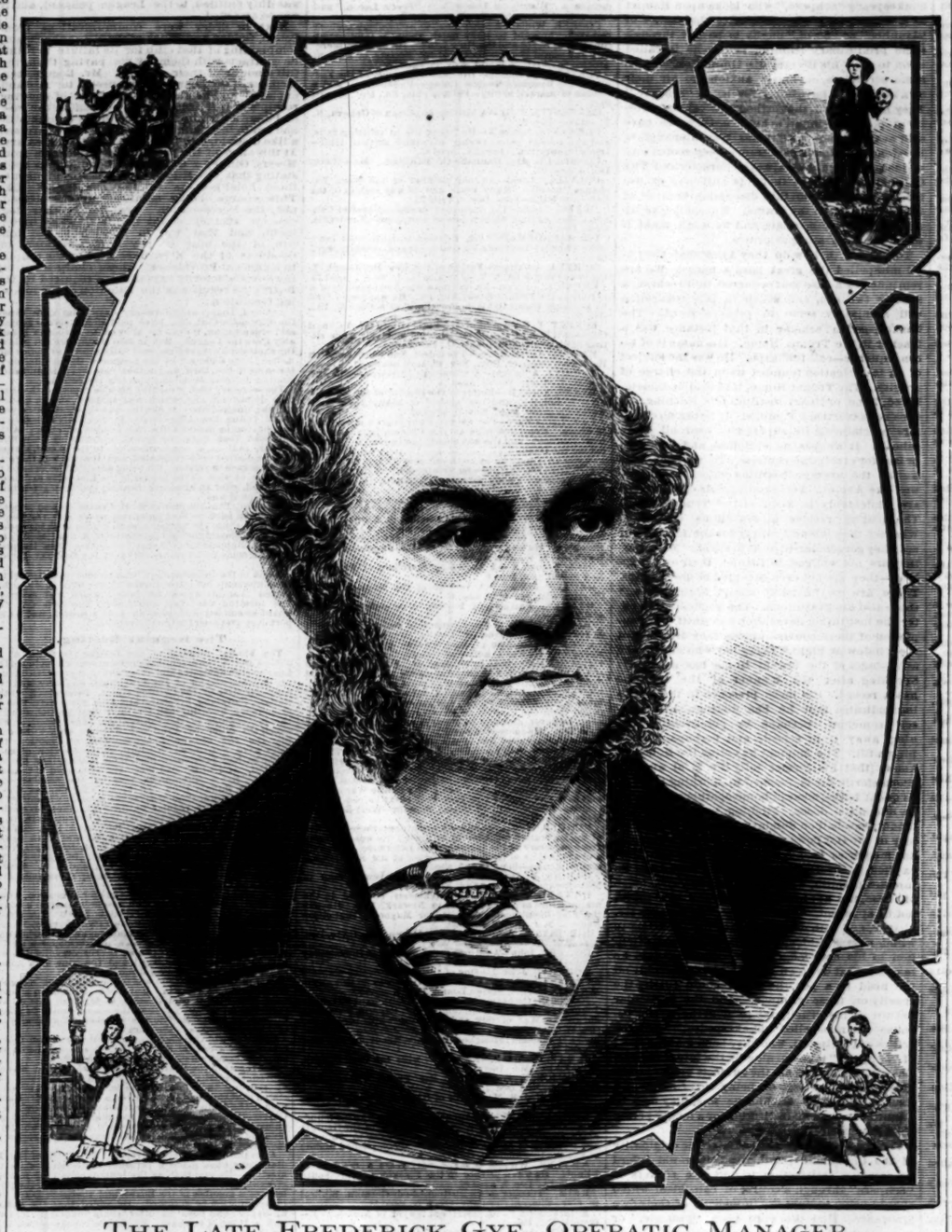
It is only women who eat their hearts out under the constant sting of indifference, or the bitterer hardship of cruelty, that can tell what Ginevra Pierrepoint suffered before she came to think entirely of leaving the man she had sworn to love, the father of her child, the husband who, with all her wrongs, was her husband still. But he had worn out love and patience both. Only on Christmas-day he had turned from her loving advances with a curse and a sneer. She had lifted her face to his on Christmas morning with a smile and said:

"Give me a kiss, Hugh, for the sake of old times."

And he had pushed her from him with a sneer about her white face and faded looks, and turned from his home to spend the day with Miss Vere and a few chosen friends, leaving his wife and her baby to keep their festival together alone.

Her life was passing in dreamy reverie before her as she sat in the last hours of the dying year. The future was a blank; but she felt as though in another land there would be safety and peace, and she was calm and still, with no wild excitement tearing at her heart, no vain regrets for what she was leaving.

"Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder," says the beautiful and holy ceremonial which sets the Church's benison upon human faith and love, and the bond should never be broken by those who swear at God's altar to be true to each other. Yet surely the sin of Ginevra Pierrepoint in thus voluntarily leaving a husband who was neither a helpmeet nor a protection to her will be looked upon with a lenient eye by the Great Judge of all human frailties.



THE LATE FREDERICK GYE, OPERATIC MANAGER.

For Biographical Sketch See Page 301.

She was going for no unlawful love or wild ambition, but simply that she might have peace, and the right to bring up her child as a mother should—in a respectful, quiet way. The little creature was sleeping in its cot, the only bright, dainty thing in the dingy, faded room. It was a light, swinging cradle, easily moved, which the young mother had draped and adorned with her own handiwork till it looked a bed fit for a princess. She always brought it into her sitting-room, except on the rare occasions when Hugh was at home. The little sleeping face was company in her loneliness. A slight sound from the child roused her from her reverie, and she sprang to the side of its bed. Something was the matter—her inexperience failed to tell her what—but the little one was writhing and twisting its tiny limbs in a way that was dreadful to see. Hardly knowing what she did, she snatched up the child and rang the bell furiously. The unkempt maid-of-all-work whom Mrs. Sebright kept in perpetual slavery in the scullery rushed up at the unwonted summons, for Ginevra seldom ventured to ring for anything she wanted, her husband being in some disgrace with the landlady on the score of rent.

"Mrs. Sebright—where is she?" she gasped.

"Out, ma'am. Is anything the matter?" asked the girl uncouthly, but kindly enough.

"It is my baby! She is ill—dying! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Lor, no, ma'am, she aint," the girl replied; "it's a fit; the babies at home have 'em regular when they're cutting their teeth. You get off her clothes quick, and I'll go down for hot water—the boiler's full—and we'll have her round in no time, please the pigs."

Mrs. Sebright was out for the evening, and there was only the girl in the house; but Ginevra felt reassured, for she knew she was the eldest of a large family, and she seemed to know all about what was to be done. She was right, to a certain extent. The hot bath restored the baby to consciousness, and stopped the fearful convulsions which are so terrible to witness. But its efficacy stopped there. Something more was evidently needed, but Sally's skill went no farther.

"She ought to have some doctor's stuff now, ma'am," the girl said, "or she'll be bad again. Maybe it's her gums want lancing. The young man from the shop came and did our Billy's, and he got well."

"Oh, yes, we must have a doctor. Will you run, Sally? Dr. Crosby, you know, in Southampton row—he has been here often."

"Yes, I know, ma'am, but I daresn't go; missis'll turn me straight out of doors if I leave the house again while she's out. I did once, and oh, my! didn't I catch it? But I'll mind the dear baby while you run—she won't come to any harm in that minute."

There was nothing else to be done, and Ginevra, hastily throwing on her hat and shawl, rushed downstairs, her heart torn with anxiety, to go in search of the kindly doctor who had attended her when the little one was born. The child seemed to her asleep, but it's pale face and sunken eyes showed how violent the attack had been; and, winged by fear, she was at Dr. Crosby's house in an incredibly short space of time. He was engaged, but came to her at once, and tried to reassure her.

"Come?" he said. "Of course I will, at once. I will be there in ten minutes. Don't look so terrified, my dear Mrs. Pierrepoint. When you have half-a-dozen little ones, instead of one, you will know that fits in teething are very common. Your little girl will live to be a hale, hearty woman yet, please Heaven. You have done exactly what was right. Go back and keep the kettle boiling; renew the bath if the fit returns, and I will come directly."

Somewhat relieved of her anxiety, Ginevra sped back again; and the doctor—a kindly old man, who had seen and sympathized with her sorrow—finished his business and prepared to follow her. He was not more than the time he stated, but he found the house in considerable confusion. Mrs. Sebright had returned, bringing a friend with her, and wanted something hot cooked for her supper directly. Sally was upstairs minding the lodger's baby, and her mistress was very wroth thereat. The street-door was open, and Dr. Crosby walked in, wondering what the commotion might be about.

"Put that brat down and come here!" bawled Mrs. Sebright.

"I can't till its mother comes; it's a-dying, pretty dear!" retorted Sally in a voice choked by sobs.

Then Mrs. Sebright's feelings, as she said afterwards, got too many for her, and she rushed upstairs to inflict dire punishment on Sally, but found Dr. Crosby there, bending over the baby with a very grave face.

"Mrs. Pierrepoint came out to fetch me," he said in answer to the landlady's bitter invective against Ginevra for having gone out and left her child. "I thought she would have been here before this. This is a bad case! Where is the child's father?"

"Where he has no business to be, you may take your oath of that," Mrs. Sebright said with a toss of her head. "He isn't playing this week, and he's off after some villainy every night. Bless you, *he* won't trouble."

"But he ought to be told. I fear the child will not live. Where can the mother be, I wonder? Ah! here comes Mr. Burt; perhaps he can give us some idea where to find Mr. Pierrepoint."

Mr. Burt had just come in. His business was very short at the theatre just now, only in a little one-act piece at the beginning of the evening; and he was usually home about ten o'clock. He was terribly shocked when he saw the pallid face and purple eyelids of the infant.

"She was quite well to-day," he said to the doctor.

"To all appearance, I have no doubt; but infants' complaints are so subtle and so sudden that it is next to impossible to foresee them. I suspect that there has been something wrong before this that has not shown itself."

"But you don't think she will die?"

"I do indeed, if she has another fit. If you know where the father is to be found, Mr. Burt, will you tell us, that we may send for him?"

"I can guess; indeed, I am almost sure. I will fetch him myself, Dr. Crosby."

He left the room with another look at the drawn little face, and the others gathered round the child, for whom they could do nothing. The fiat had gone forth, the reaper was out with his sickle, and none might stay the gathering-in of the heavenly harvest. Ginevra Pierrepoint's baby was dying in the arms of Sally, the maid-of-all-work, and she did not come! Dr. Crosby could do nothing. He was powerless to stay the icy finger of death, and he could not alleviate the suffering that twisted the little limbs, and made them all wish that each struggle might be the last.

Mrs. Sebright and her gossip had forgotten all about their coveted supper in this new anxiety, and watched for the end with tearful eyes. The doctor lingered, anxious to say a word to the mother when she should return, and wondering much at her non-appearance. He could only guess that she herself, knowing where to find her husband, had gone to fetch him, and listened eagerly for the sound of her footsteps; but she did not return.

And so another hour passed slowly by, and a fiercer and sharper struggle than any came, and the baby yielded its little life in the unequal contest, and died without either father or mother near to close its eyes or to send a prayer to Heaven with the pure, unsoiled soul that had found an entrance there. The kindly doctor went his way, sorely troubled about Ginevra, and made many inquiries, but no one had seen her since she left his house. It was a very mysterious business, and he was sorry for the poor mother, who would return and find her child dead; but he was a busy man, and other thoughts soon drove the death he had witnessed out of his head.

Mr. Burt called the first hansom he could find, and was rapidly driven to Miss Vere's lodgings, in Oxford street, where that lady resided in much splendor in spacious apartments over a fashionable confectioner's shop. He knew full well he should find Hugh Pierrepoint there, and indeed the moment the shop-door was opened to him the sound of his rich, musical voice came floating down to where he stood, trolling out a fine old song, full of pathos and sentiment, which he sang with the perfect taste and expression which some heartless natures possess. The servant who came to the door was evidently doubtful about admitting him, but he pushed her aside and passed in.

"My business is important," he said. "Miss Vere knows me; let me pass, if you please."

He strode upstairs, and flung open the door of the handsome drawing-room on the first floor. Miss Vere was evidently expecting company, for the room was prepared for guests, and there was a daintily-spread supper-table beyond the folding-doors; but Hugh Pierrepoint was alone with her now, standing by her at the piano, looking down into her upturned face as though the passionate words of the song he had just finished had come straight from his heart and been addressed to her.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HUGH PIERREPOINT FOUND IN DARKNESS.

And is this death? Dread thing.
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!—C. L. BOWLES

Miss Vere was spoken of as one of the most beautiful women in London. Her portrait was in shop-windows side by side with the "counterfeit presentment" of good and noble people, too pure to be stained by the vile companionship. Miss Vere had not been born in the purple, though she reveled in it now. The child of poor people, selected for her wonderful beauty to fill some part in a Christmas spectacle, put in the front row of the ballet for the same reason, she had learned to trade upon her good looks till they had won her, through the purse of a noble patron, a place upon the stage among talented, hardworking women.

The public refused to believe in anything about her but her lovely face. The press denounced the system which made the noble theatre where she showed herself a thing of shame and a reproach; but the manager was no lower. The noble lord's money was in his pocket, and his friends in the stalls and boxes every night, and he could put up with a good deal of adverse criticism.

"Hard words break no bones," he was wont to say, "and the public always come to see anything that is naughty. So as long as the Vere draws I shall keep her. She'll draw till his lordship wan's to go abroad or changes his mind, and I'll take my cue from him."

So the ignorant woman, who had to be taught her parts like a puppet, and had no more idea of the meaning of all the fine things she uttered than a marionette, held her sway at the Minerva Theatre, and led the life of a fine lady in her well-appointed lodgings. She did pretty much as she pleased—her noble admirer did not trouble her much. He liked to look upon this magnificent living statue as his property, and to see his diamonds flashing upon her neck and twinkling in the shining masses of her hair; but he was by no means exacting, and Miss Vere amused herself very well in his absence. She was superficially accomplished, for she had sufficient tact to see that, to keep the place she wanted in the world, she must be able to hold her own amongst other women better than herself, and to this end she had learned music, for which she had a natural taste.

She could play a piece, or accompany a song, or sing herself, in the same fashion as Hugh Pierrepoint, throwing pathos and passion into her voice when none existed in her heart. As far as was possible to a nature like hers, she loved Hugh Pierrepoint, and he in his turn was fascinated and flattered by the preference of the beautiful actress.

It mattered nothing to her that the man who spent all his leisure with her had a neglected, heartsick wife at home—wives do not enter into the calculations of such women as Madeline Vere—nor did the man she had enslaved ever bestow a thought upon the wife he had sworn was to be all the world to him forevermore. It was for no gain that the actress sought his society. Reckless and impecunious, he rarely had any money, though he took a good salary every Saturday, and on this particular New-Year's Eve he had none. He had not been playing for a week. Some hitch in the matter of a fresh engagement had thrown him out. He would be on again in three days; but in the meantime a sporting event was coming off in which he was greatly interested, and he would be unable to be among his friends for want of a little money to flash about in their midst.

He was chafing about it in spirit even while he was singing the song which greeted Mr. Burt's ears as the door was opened, and was secretly wishing for the diamonds which were flashing about the actress whenever she moved. Madeline Vere was in gorgeous array. She loved silks and satins and jewels, and she had chosen to array her regal-looking form in a purple velvet dress, relieved with white lace. It was somewhat matronly-looking, but made her youthful face look more youthful still by contrast. She looked up as Mr. Burt entered. She did not like the plain-spoken old actor.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Burt," she said, with a sarcastic emphasis on the "pleasure." "May I ask how it comes about that you have so honored me?"

"I have to apologize for using your name at all," he replied. "My visit was to Mr. Pierrepoint. It was necessary I should see him."

"Oh, indeed!"

With curt insolence she seemed to dismiss the subject, and Hugh Pierrepoint turned to the unwelcome intruder.

"The necessity must be very great to make you follow a gentleman who is paying a visit, and force yourself uninvited into a lady's drawing-room," was the sneering retort.

"I deemed it so, or I should not have come."

"What is it, if you please? I am engaged, as you see, and Miss Vere is expecting guests."

"To whom my presence would be unwelcome. I can quite understand that. You are wanted at home, Mr. Pierrepoint."

"Being a married man, and out to enjoy myself, that is, of course, understood. I never knew a husband who wasn't wanted at home when his inclination led him elsewhere. Who wants me? A bailiff?"

"Your wife. She is in great distress."

"Naturally—I am out; but if I wasn't, the distress would be all the same. Ginevra is wonderfully lachrymose of late—cries like twenty women with a dozen tear-reservoirs each!"

"She has reason to-night. The child is very ill—dying, as I verily believe. Will you not come and see it?"

"Dear me, I hope not," said Hugh Pierrepoint, startled for a moment from his cynical bitterness. "She was well enough this morning. Ginevra has inoculated you with her nervousness, I can see. Women are always so confoundedly fussy about every little ailment of their babies."

"There is not much doubt about this. You will come? It may be too late, if you linger!"

"Come? Of course. I'm not such a brute as all that. I'll follow you directly—tell my wife so—though I don't believe there's any occasion for such a fuss; but she mustn't keep me!"

"I don't suppose she'll try," Mr. Burt replied, knowing what the forsaken wife intended to do. "It was for your own sake I sought you. It would have been a lasting reproach to you all your life if you had failed to come home at such a time."

He left the room and the house, in spite of Miss Vere's entreaties that he would take some refreshment. Her wines were superb. Everybody who knew her testified to that fact. They had the benefit of careful selection and matured judgment; but Mr. Burt felt as if the sparkling liquid would choke him. He drank eighteen-penny Marsala at home that came from no lord's cellar, and was content.

He remembered when he got into the street that he had not told Hugh Pierrepoint that Ginevra was away; but he had no idea of her prolonged absence, and fully believed that long ere this she was at home. All was confusion when he reached Bloomsbury square. Mrs. Sebright, smothering her wrath at Ginevra's absence, had straightened the dreary bedroom, and laid the little corpse out there with her own hands, allowing Sally to tidy up the drawing-room and make up the fire against the "poor dear came home." But there were no tidings of her, and, terribly anxious, the good-natured old actor once more set forth, this time to seek for the child's mother, and to find out, if possible, what could have befallen her.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Hugh Pierrepoint at length reached home, and let himself in with a pass-key noiselessly, for he was a little ashamed of himself in spite of his heartlessness. Miss Vere's guests had dropped in, and he had stayed gossiping, taking a glass with one another, and time had gone by. If things were really so desperate, he argued with himself, they would send again. They knew where to find him, and the distance was not great. There had been a good deal of talk, too, about the event for which he wanted money, and he felt more disappointed than ever that he had none to venture on the horse which everybody said was to win. The race was only an obscure one—no great names were heard in connection with it—and if Hugh Pierrepoint only had twenty pounds or so, he thought himself quite safe to win at least two hundred.

Wondering whether by any possibility Ginevra had any, or any handy property that might be turned into cash, her husband stood for a moment in the drawing-room and thought. The fire had burned down to a heap of smouldering ashes, the gas was turned low, and the door leading into the bedroom was shut. Evidently the alarm had been unnecessary; old Burt had taken fright without cause. There was no sign of sickness about, and his wife had gone to bed, as usual. He listened at the door. All was still; mother and child were sleeping soundly, and as he turned from it again he caught sight of Ginevra's keys lying upon the table. It was not much she had to lock up, poor soul, but she had a large writing-desk with a patent lock, which held her few treasures—little mementoes of her girlhood, and trifles connected with the bright, brief days before she had met Hugh Pierrepoint.

He took up the keys noiselessly—there was just a chance that there might be a trifle there, though he almost laughed at himself for the notion—and unlocked the desk with a gentle hand. It was full of letters and papers—letters of his own, vowing eternal fidelity, and hoarded, Heaven knows why, through all the time of faithlessness and perfidy, as weak, loving women will hoard such relics. Almost at the top was his wife's purse—an odd place for her to put it—and he took it up, somewhat heavy for a penniless woman, and he opened it. Surely he was dreaming! It was full of bright, glittering gold—money that would tell no tales and leave no betraying number in the hands of anyone when paid away. How had his wife come by them? But that was of no consequence. They were here in her purse, and he would quickly transfer them to his. He made a soft bed of his pocket-handkerchief and turned them out—thirty-seven in all—and then put the purse back and locked the desk.

Poor Ginevra! She had procured the money in this form that she might not be tracked by changing any note, and she had put off sewing it in her dress till the morning, for fear that he might come in, and by chance meddle with her clothes.

"If the Traveling Tinker wins, I'll pay her back double," he said to himself, as he pocketed the gold. "I'll just go in and tell her I'm off to Hunstonleigh early, and she won't see me for two days. The kid's all right, evidently, or she'd be up. I'm really very much obliged to the old bloke upstairs for fussing after me. If it hadn't been for him I should never have come upon this nice little windfall."

The house was very quiet now. Mr. Burt was still out, hunting anxiously for Mrs. Pierrepoint; Mrs. Sebright was having the long-delayed "bit of supper" downstairs with her friend, and the overworked Sally had fallen fast asleep, with her head on the back-kitchen table and her feet among the blackbeetles, which were holding high revel in the dark.

"Ginevra," said Hugh, "are you awake? Jenny, I say! I wonder she hasn't got a light, if the child's ill. How sound they must both be asleep!"

The bedroom was all in darkness; but he knew where Ginevra always kept the matches. He felt along the top of the chest of drawers for them; but they were not there. The dressing-table was close by. They must surely be there. But the looking-glass had been taken away, and there was a heap of something in its place.

"What a confounded muddle everything is in!" he grumbled to himself. "Here, Jenny, wake up! I can't find ——"

The words died upon his lips; for his hand, in traveling over whatever lay so shrouded there, had come upon the face of a corpse. There was no mistaking the touch—nothing that this earth holds is like it—and he rushed back into the sitting-room for a light. The gas lighted showed him the empty bed—no trace of his wife's presence—and the corpse of his child laid out in cold silence in the lonely room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LEAVES THAT NEVER FALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

The leaves were falling, through the blonde September,
From rose-bush, heder, and tree;
Their glory on their branches they remember
E're Summer ceased to be.

And still the leaves fall in the brown October,
Strewing the fallow ground;
Nature (in deshabille) seems sad and sober—
Lyrics in leaves abound.

Of gray November and of white December
The leaves insinuate;
Their branches bare their foliage, remember,
Who early fell, or late.

And, standing 'mid the leaves, or dead, or dying—
The many-colored leaves!—
I hear (or *seem* to hear) a wistful sighing
As from ungathered sheaves.

Branches will soon be leafless, and the Year,
Like an old Book un-bound,
Will, leaf by leaf, appear to disappear,
While arts are lost and found:

And I, a bookworm, con these leafy pages—
Hieroglyphics rare!
Lessons have they for Solomons and sages,
Talmuds and Korans they're!

Sapwise they rise, and bud, and bloom, and fall!
But there are *other* "leaves,"
Perennial and perfect, one and all,
Better than gathered sheaves.

And they are for the healing of the nations,
As manna was for food;
They point the human and divine relations,
Though often misconstrued.

And as the "raised" writing for the blind
Seems vision to recall,
So in the Scripture's foliage we find
"The leaves that never fall."

MY FRIEND THE RAGPICKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When I saw him first he was resting himself on one of the benches of the City Hall Park. He was a man of probably fifty or more, and something about his face, and a certain picturesqueness in his attitude, made me turn to look at him a second time, when, with an ingratiating smile on his not overclean countenance, he requested a light from my cigar for his short black pipe. I am not of a proud nature, though I do wear a clean collar twice a week, and scintillate with Alaska diamonds, and I handed it to him. With the greatest *sang froid* imaginable he replaced the pipe in his pocket, and stuck my not more than half-smoked cigar between his lips.

"Ah! pardon me," he said, in answer to my look—"a mere fit of absent-mindedness. I remember something similar that happened a long time ago, when Count D'Orsay, Louis Napoleon and I were at a reception of Lady Blessington's. A wealthy banker joined our group, and the conversation drifted to the relative power wielded by the moneyed and the wealthy classes. 'See,' said the banker, producing a thousand-pound note, 'I always carry a trifle like this in my vest-pocket.' 'Singular coincidence,' said D'Orsay; 'I usually carry the same amount in the same way.' and, taking the note, he placed it in his own vest-pocket. The banker demanded it back, but D'Orsay refused. 'No,' he said; 'it proves what I say—that the moneyed class may make, but the aristocracy both take and keep.' The banker became very indignant, and D'Orsay, turning to me, said: 'I suppose I must give this fellow a meeting. You arrange matters.' 'Certainly,' I answered, 'if Louis here does not wish the preference.' It was settled after all by an apology on the banker's part, and seven years afterwards, when I mentioned the matter at the Tuileries—the Empress, I remember, was present—Louie ——"

He paused here, struck with my looks of astonishment, I suppose, and knocked the ash from my cigar with his grimy finger.

"You wonder at my words, I see," he resumed; "but you see before you a man whose life has been one of strange experiences. You may doubt me when I tell you, but it is nevertheless true, that I have the right to claim the crown of Norway by reason of a direct descent from Olaf the King. My mother was an Italian duchess, the last of the Colonnas, and in her veins flowed the blood of the Medici and the Cenci. But will you not be seated?"

The air with which he spoke the last words was that of the grand monarque whose hint was equal to a command. Without thinking of the social caste I might lose, and urged only by my curiosity, I did so. He nodded approval, and was about to go on with his autobiographical adventures, when two figures that suddenly came into view caused me to spring to my feet. One was none other than my wife—who, let me add, is one of the old Knickerbocker Van Ranochlers, and has a most overweening aristocratic feeling—accompanied by a lady-friend. As I said, I sprang to my feet, and advanced towards them, feeling, I admit, much abashed at being found in such questionable company.

"Pray do not let us interrupt your congenial tete-a-tete," said the wife of my bosom in her most sarcastic tones.

I affected to treat the matter as a joke, and fortunately succeeded. Still I confess I was sorry for the interruption, and cherished a sneaking hope I might meet my ragpicker again.

I did so at last. It was near the junction of the classic Bowery and Chatham square. He was engaged in fishing out an old rubber shoe from a barrel of refuse, and he at once raised his hook in token of recognition with the air of Chesterfield.

"Ah!" I said, "I am glad to see you again. I should like to hear the remainder of the story of your life."

"We are too public here," he answered. "Let us go where we can sit down."

He led the way to a saloon which bore outside a notice announcing a "schooner for three cents," and the door of which stood wide open, affording a full view of those within to the passers-by. I objected to the publicity; but he well knew himself to be master of the situation, and would not stir, as, with a schooner of beer before each of us, he began as follows:

"My mother was a Spanish princess in her own right, whose claim to the throne was fully recognized by the Council of Peers, but who thought it better to allow it to lay dormant for a while than risk the horrors of a civil war. She was considered the most beautiful woman of her time, and a portrait of her, set with diamonds, which I still keep, confirms the truth of this. The Council determined she should marry the heir-apparent, but contrived that they should meet as if by accident. The scheme was successful, and the prince was conquered by my mother's charms. There followed a marriage, which, though for state reasons was obliged to be secret, was celebrated at midnight in the vaults of the cathedral with more than imperial display.

"In due course I was born, and the time passed away until I was nearly six years old. I was very observant for my age, and soon saw that my mother was far from happy. One night I awoke with a thrill of fear, and, looking from the little cot where I slept in my mother's room, I could see by the dim light of the swinging silver lamp that my mother lay fast asleep. Suddenly out of the shadow three masked men, muffled in long cloaks and armed to the teeth, stealing to the side of her couch, drew aside the point-lace curtains. The next instant a blade flashed through the darkness, and a long narrow dagger was poised ——"

The terrible doom that befell the unfortunate lady I never learnt, for at this point a greater came upon myself. A voice I knew but too well smote upon my ears:

"How very interesting, to be sure!"

I looked up. Passing by were my wife and her adored mother, the Dowager Van Ranochler, whose calm, gray eyes surveyed my companion and myself through the gold eye-glasses upon her high-bred nose. No sooner did she catch my eye, however, than she turned scornfully away and hailed a carriage. Forgetful of everything but the terrible fact of her presence, I sprang to follow them, to explain all, when the barkeeper's hand was placed roughly on my shoulder, and his voice sounded surlily in my ear:

"Say, young feller, pay for them schooners."

By the additional sarcastic look my beloved wife's mother cast upon me, I knew she had heard him. However, there was nothing to do but comply, and, by the time I had done so, the carriage containing the ladies had driven away.

It is necessary to add that the memory of this certainly most innocent episode is still kept green in my domestic circle? My respected parent by marriage takes high moral grounds, and points out the soul-destroying influence of low companions, while my wife, in a more tender way, reproaches me with the assertion that I no longer love her.

It is a year since that fatal afternoon; but no later than last evening, when I outstayed my usual time by an hour or two, and attempted to explain it by the fact that I had met some very old friend, like a very Niobe she sobbed:

"You will break my heart yet, I know you will—you and your horrid ragpickers!"

HUBERT H. DUVAR.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

J. H. W.—1. No. 14 was the watch. The 48 were thrown for No. 14, not for No. 13, it seems to be admitted. It does not appear that the representative of the absent No. 14 was also the representative of the absent No. 13. If he was, then the case would present an aspect not so simple. 2. It was not the fault of No. 14 or his representative that he was called out of his turn, and threw out of his turn. He was called, was allowed to throw without protest, and the throw had to stand. It was really immaterial, as affecting the chance of either No. 13 or No. 14, whether the one threw first, or the other. As to what your friend argues concerning "jumping the chances," it is often done by mistake, and oftener done through necessity. Ruffles cannot always be managed by clockwork; and to reprimand the 6 that No. 14's representative threw positively for him cannot be claimed to have been thrown for No. 15, even if it could not be allowed to stand for No. 14.

R. W. S., Los Angeles.—"A man running to first base overruns said base some twenty feet, and, turning, starts to return and retouch it, but after going part of the way back, seeing that the baseman had let the ball pass, he starts and runs second without touching first. How has he any right so to do, and if the ball is held on first is he not out? Under what section of the playing rules is the law on this subject found?".....He can return or not. Rule 5 follows; "The player running to first base shall be at liberty to overrun said base without his being put out for being off his base, after first touching it, provided that in so overrunning the base he makes no attempt to run to second base. In such case he must return at once and retouch first base, and, after retouching said base, he can be put out as at any other base. If, in so overrunning first base, he also attempts to run to second base, *he shall forfeit such exemption from being put out.*"

KNUCKLES, Halifax.—1. The gloves are covered with lamphiask, and contests in which they are used are decided by the most clean hits within a specified time, it being customary to exclude body-blows, and consider counter-hits a stand-off. After each hit the mark received must be washed off. The object is to test the relative science of the contestants. 2. Some glove-contests are fought with ordinary boxing-gloves, but usually smaller gloves are used, and sometimes those in which the back of the hand alone is padded, the knuckles being simply covered by thin buckskin.

J. J. S.—1. Bo's claim is absurd. A player who is raised $20 and can put up but $10 does not forfeit that amount because he cannot put up the remainder. Besides, a bet with a $20 limit does not mean that every player shall start with that amount. It means that the betting shall not go beyond that. E is entitled to a sight for his $10, and to show cards for $10 of B's money. Probably A, C and D meant to play table stakes, at $20 apiece. 2. Whether they were playing a limit-game or were playing table-stakes, it was their duty to acquaint E, who was a new comer.

BROOKLYN SENATE.—1. No man by the name of Dan Corcoran was ever champion of Great Britain, nor have we any reason to believe that he ever fought a prize fight or sparred for a money-stake. Perhaps you mean Dan Donnelly, who was champion of Ireland, and was never beaten. Or, perhaps you allude to Peter Corcoran, whom "Bohemia" credits with holding the championship of England for several years, and who was afterward succeeded by Harry Sellers, who became champ on in 1777. 2. Jack Ranlall, "The Prime Irish Lad," was born in the vicinity of St. Giles, London, Eng., of Irish parents in 1793.

MANY INTERESTED PARTIES.—Having two fives in your hand, and also (say) one ace and a ten, you could add the ace to the ten and make 21 "even" on that hand. Or you could play and at your next play you could add the five in hand and at your option call the pile either "ten" or "fives." With the hand you held, you were right in making the ten; you made it "ten," having in your hand no ten in your hand, you would have forfeited the game.

L. ST. J., Paterson.—Apply to some manager in your town or Newark for an engagement, and get some of the performers who have appeared to act to speak a word or two for you. The leader of the orchestra can arrange your music. You must pay your own expenses. Salary ranges from $20 per week upward, for opening. Send 3 cents per card with enclosure therein to write to other managers, inclosing a bill.

WEST END, Phila.—1. The straight does not beat the flush. In fact, it beats nothing, unless it is first agreed upon to play it, and next agreed as to whether it shall beat three-of-a-kind or only two-pair, either of which a flush will beat. 2. That hand is a straight, and never beats a flush. In those five cards were all diamonds, for example, they would constitute a straight flush, which, if it had been specially agreed to play it, would beat four aces.

IAN AND JOE, Rochester.—Having been conceded all the balls as cue-balls, he did not necessarily conceded every privilege that the cue-ball has, and can therefore spot two balls that are "frozen," notwithstanding that it is his privilege to use his cue to hit his own ball, if the position will do it. In other words, at every shot he can say which shall be the cue-ball.

R. O. H.—According to the dictates of common-sense, as shown by the rule named, the other ball should be spotted. In making a special game, you must not expect to find that it will be covered by "the general rules" of some other game—fifteen-ball pool, for example, which it is both rule and practice to count all the balls a player can pocket.

C., St. Louis.—All the players can demand to see a called hand at poker, as well as the caller's. Both have seen it; otherwise have no cards or four, or either might have two jacks or two queens of one suit, or each might have a ten of clubs, for example. And the two holders might agree to go for the pool, or for the "openers," or the other players' money, between them, on foul hands.

J. B., Erie.—C having shown his seven-full, and B having pronounced them "good," C wins. B's subsequent discovery and claim that he held an ace-full does not avail him. He should have shown his cards, as C had done, and said nothing. The ace-full would then have won, whereas B's acknowledgment of defeat settled final and legal.

MALDON.—[1. Mosey Sheppard fought Con. Riordan May 25, 1867, Mike Coburn May 27, 1868 (an impromptu affair, for a purse), and Jim Murphy Sept. 4, 1868. He was defeated by Barney Aaron, Oct. 9, 1871, for $5,000. 2. I tell through after both men had gone into training. 3. Sheppard was never light-weight champion of England.

A. K. B., Buffalo.—1. An assisted player cannot go home at option of player by mutual agreement. Except point is a disputed one. 3. Hoyle, whose work was once an authority upon cards, never wrote a line about euchre. 4. The book called "American Hoyle" allows an assisted player to stoop.

C. H. T., St. Louis.—1. April 17, 1865, is correct. The other was a misprint. 2. We do not think he is dead, but have not heard of him for several years. George Thompsons was living in Jersey City a short time ago, and we believe he is there still. 4. Tim Collins is in a lunatic asylum in Massachusetts.

W. W. S., San Diego.—Your decision was correct. The base runner was not out. It is optional with a runner, after overrunning first base, to return and touch the base. If he does not, and attempts to run to second, he forfeits the exemption from being put out which the rule gives him when he does not attempt to run to second.

W. J. H., St. Louis.—1. There is but one run in 4, 3, 7, 5, 6, and that is five for the player of the 6. 2. B would have made a run of three if he had played a 6 where he had played the 5, and then A with a 5 would have made a run of five.

F. B. HURLBUT, Cheyenne.—The referee's order ought to have been obeyed under penalty of forfeit. It was his business to decide whether there was still sufficient daylight to finish the match, and it isn't likely that he would order the contestants to shoot in the dark.

W. A. P., Little Falls.—Your second question answers the first. The grocer is our precedent as much as the man is in, and he, as you say, got away with the salmon and $9.50. The grocer could not have lost more or less than the fish and $9 50.

F. B., Brockton.—The stage of the Bowery Theatre, this city, is the largest in this country, having an area, inside the curtain line, of 8,983ft. The stage of the Boston (Mass.) Theatre has an area of 5,145ft., and that of Booth's Theatre, this city, 4,345ft.

GUY, Philadelphia.—The new post-office in your city appears to cover the larger area. It is about 425ft. on Ninth by about 150ft. on Chestnut st., while the area covered by the New York office are: Broadway side, 340ft.; Park front, 330ft.; City Hall front, 200ft.; south front, 150ft.

W. H. PERRY, Fairville.—1. The fastest mile on record for 100 miles is Usher, made by Weathall, in England. 2. No. 3. We do not know of a runner by that name; but professional pedestrians often make use of so many aliases that it is hard to keep track of them.

J. B., Chicago.—The jack counts. If there was a misdeal before it was turned, it should have been discovered before the cards were run; and unless it was the dealer's own hand that was faulty, the misdeal would have to be discovered, if there was one, as soon as the jack was turned.

W. B., Weatherford.—1. High wins in cutting for deal at euchre and at seven-up. 2. The lowest card in euchre, in cutting for deal, is the ace of spots, whether it take its common sense in place of Hoyle, who never wrote a line about euchre, or take the work called "American Hoyle."

AMATEUR, Mechanicsburg.—1, 2. There is no standard instruction in hurdle-riding in Cincinnati, O., or anywhere else. You must apprentice yourself to a rider or manager to learn the business. 3. Either course may be pursued. 4. Cannot say.

TIM, St. Mary's.—B wins. In being a quarter to six it is half-past five, and more. If he meant that it was exactly half-past five, B would have said so; and if A meant it to be understood that it was not exactly half-past five, he would have said so.

P. J. F., Chicago.—A player never orders up a partner except when the orderer-up wishes to go home. If he has been ordered up, or if perhaps the latter is what you mean), you could not go alone, unless by special agreement.

SIXTY FIRST STREET.—1. A called hand must be shown to all the players, it required. 2. Every player in the game, whether he is in the pot or out of it, can demand to see both a called hand and the caller's. Neither can evade this by throwing his hand in.

C. H. S., Baltimore.—1. Address the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, Mass. 2. George F. Nesbitt & Co., 165 to 169 Pearl st., or Porter, Bainbridge & Co., 33 Beekman st., New York. 3. We do not.

BLOOM.—It is very likely. That river has been frozen over several times, one of which was about the second time in 13. It has at least once been frozen from Staten Island to the Battery, and soldiers and teams made the journey on foot.

P. GAVIN.—That time has been beaten; 81 miles have been run in 83 minutes by an engine, tender and one car and 90 miles in 99 minutes by a train consisting of an engine, tender, a combination car, and a hotel car, from Jersey City to Philadelphia.

J. J. MCD.—MOLLY Verrecke played two weeks in the New Bowery Theatre, commencing Sept. 21, 1863, giving performances on the flying trapeze. He did not ride any kind of velocipede.

G. W. B., Titusville.—"After the Opera is Over" is an English song by Geo. Leybourne, and was originally heard many years ago in the London Music Halls. About 1870 it was first published here.

FRITZ AND LENA.—J. K. Emmet made his first appearance upon the dramatic stage in this city in Wallack's Theatre, July 11, 1870, acting in "Fritz," which ran several weeks.

GEO. KINGMAN, W. Belleville.—1. In the fifth round, after some fighting in Mace's corner, they clinched and went over the ropes together, falling on the outside of the ring. Coburn on top. 2. No.

F. N.—No. What we conceive the loser to have meant is that, if he lost, he would pay for drinks for all hands, which would include the drink he lost to his opponent, assuming them to have been throwing for drinks.

J. F. G.—B wins. The winning number was 44. The bet that was based upon 100 throws, not upon 105—or 130, if the three tiers should keep on tieing. Besides, they might not have thrown off at all.

PETER MCCAULEY.—The fastest record for one mile training, by a pedestrian, is 4m. 17⅛s. The distance has been run by Lang in 4m. 3s.; but, as the track was part down hill, it does not form a technical record.

A. B. C. AND D., Baltimore.—Except by mutual agreement, there can be but one bid from any player at auction pitch. When A refused to take three, he should have been forced to play and make three, or "up up" three.

S. S., Shields.—1. Fred Blume, 861 Broadway, New York, can furnish you with the song. 2. A small advertisement in THE CLIPPER, costing 45 cents, might secure a customer for your slate.

A. H. S.—1. Mahoney fled O'Baldwin and Jim Mace entered a ring together as principals at Collier's Station, W. Va., but they did not place themselves in fighting attitude, as referee having been selected.

P. H. S.—In making the bet A should have remembered that boats do not always leave at the precise time advertised, and, though it was not on time, the boat caught by it was certainly "the first good boat."

J. O., Jersey City.—Such places cannot be said to have any regular seating capacity, as it can be increased or diminished at pleasure. Therefore we keep no record. It is estimated to hold about 1,800 persons.

PINOCKLE.—P is out, if he can substantiate his claim. A should have known what he had taken in, and have claimed game as soon as he had made enough to put himself out.

T. A. W., Winfield.—We have frequently heard such statements made; but we cannot vouch for the truth of them. The gentleman himself is quite reticent concerning the matter.

C. B. S., Georgetown.—C is right. He was entitled to three for a march. It was the fault of A and B if they permitted the gamekeeper to give them but two for their marvellous.

S. H. E., Newark.—The partner cannot help him, unless he (the partner) has in hand a card of the same denomination as the pile put up. A partner simply cannot do for his partner what he cannot do for himself.

R. A., Chicago.—3 wins. His proposition was that he would throw three aces or better. In doing better than he had promised, shortly to the person. Had he said that he would tie him, no more and no less, he would have lost.

INTERESTED MANAGER.—1. We know of none there. 2. You probably could not get a license there for a short or that kind. We decline to express any opinion in the matter.

A READER, Cleveland.—1. Bradley and Rankin fought on Aug. 1, 1867. 2. Tom King's regular fighting weight in 1859. Cannot give his exact weight on the day he fought Heenan.

M. W. E., Rossmore Hotel.—B has the age, the same as if there had been no bid. In fact, by the time A's eyes are closed, there is no longer any blind, it having been disposed of by filling it.

R. R. F., Lawrence.—B's high goes out before F's low. B had merely to make the two he gave in order to count the game he needed. He was not playing eleven up, to F's and B's ten.

A. R., Marlboro.—If B did not bet that either contestant would win, but simply that C would not win, he is entitled to the benefit of the draw, and A loses his wager.

G. W. H.—Chatham Four Corners is in the centre of the northern part of Columbia County, this State. It may have been so called because four turnpike roads, or four railroads, joined there.

CAL FARNAM, Abingdon.—Having gone time, it was not his first one, and he was at liberty to pay full pass, if without prejudice to his right to the pot, in which all money spoke and stayed for him.

J. E.—The place opened and closed so frequently that we kept no record of it. ADE is still open as a dancehall, inquire on the premises.

H. K. G.—Cannot give any information about that firm.

TRENTLAR.—1. Susan Denvil died in Sydney, Australia, Dec. 4, 1875. 2. Mrs. Denvil was with her husband in Australia.

H. W. S., Allegheny City.—1. He is married. 2. The Opera-house, Pittsburg, which seats 1,200 persons, is the largest theatre there.

A. O. M., Pittsburg.—"The Shaughraun" was first acted on any stage in Wallack's Theatre, this city, Saturday night, Nov. 14, 1874.

ALBERT.—No answers by mail. W. H. Crane made his first appearance in the Park Theatre, this city, in "Our Boarding-house."

W. M., Trumbull.—1. "Hobbies" is not for sale. It is the private property of Eliza Weathersby and N. C. Goodwin. 2. In seven lines, $1.05 for each insertion.

B. H., Philadelphia.—No arrangements for anything of the sort have been made. When they are, due notice will be given in THE CLIPPER.

JULIUS REIS, Titusville.—We require more particulars than you send, and also a certificate from the judges attesting the genuineness of the performance.

J. J. F., Baltimore.—1. The last 3 in 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, gets a run of four; so does the 5. 2. Four fives and a king count twenty-eight.

E. G. JR.—Yes; the songs can be protected by the copyright law. If they are not copyrighted, an action at law under the right of property will protect them.

C. L. F., Cincinnati.—Yes; address George Powers or Lotta, care Powers, San Francisco Minstrels' Opera-house, this city.

J. D.—There are a number who could do this for you. Inquire at Spear & Drinkhouse's, 71 Broadway, for Mr. Freeman, and they can also direct you to others.

T. J. T., Pittsburg.—The husband of the late Minnie Warren is prof-essionally known as Major Newell, and for a time was billed as Gen. Grant Jr.

M. N., Fort Wayne.—No time to search our files for the information this week. Will endeavor to answer you in our next issue.

LOUIS.—We cannot insert paid matter in those departments unless copied from and credited to other papers. See rates on eighth page.

READER, Danbury.—There are about two hundred of them in New York, and we cannot say who does the largest business.

JACK COLLINS.—1. Ned O'Baldwin and Jim Mace never sparred together in America. 2. Joe Coburn never fought a ring fight in England.

OLD STORY.—Patrick McLoughlin, alias "Pangrene," was fatally shot by Dad Cunningham at Sott Allen's dance-house, 23 Howard street, this city, March 20, 1858.

DECLINED.—"Our Sunny Southern Home," "Oh, Touch Those Notes Lightly," "Jamsey, the Pet of the Female Bathers," "Fallen," "Little Jim."

SPIDER, Toronto.—Casino is not all fours, or seven-up, and no one point, in counting out, has precedence over another.

SHORTS, Hiram.—1. We do not know what horse is the fastest running horse, nor does anybody else. 2 The fastest mile by a running-horse is Ten Broeck's 1:39¾.

S. S. S., Pontiac.—We are not judges of the honesty of lotteries, and have no opinion to give on the question, though we can proffer you good advice—let them alone.

J. K., Lynchburg.—1. Susan Denin has been dead three years. Kate is in San Francisco. 2. It seems here to be a toss.

C. D., Philadelphia.—It is about eighty-five miles from Philadelphia to this city, and about one hundred and eighty-five from here to Baltimore.

SPECTOR, Mass.—1. I go him back as many as he took beyond his one, and peg yourself as many forward. 2. Of course he can win.

J. B. C., Milwaukee.—We know nothing of Horace Weston's domestic affairs. Other persons have played the banjo in this city claiming the same name.

SAM, Rochester.—1. She is not his wife. 2, 3. Cannot say. 4. Is private business. 5. Do not know his whereabouts.

FIREMAN, Worcester.—The best record of hand-engine playing is 273ft., thrown by a machine built by Abel Shaulk, of Cincinnati, O., in 1857.

H. H.—The best recorded time by rail between Jersey City and Oakland, Ca., is 83h. 30m. 16s., by the Jarrett & Palmer train, in 1876.

WILL O.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office, asking where it may be sent, will elicit the desired information.

CONSTANT READER.—Write to the secretaries of the Harlem (Harlem, N. Y.) and Williamsburg (Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.) Yacht Clubs.

REINEY, Philadelphia.—1. The French organization known as the Republique Band. 2. No answers as to circulations of papers.

MOHAMMED, Cincinnati.—Maggie Mitchell has acted in "The French Spy" in nearly all of the principal cities of the country.

G. N. N.—The only person who ought to have known that was the undertaker who measured him. Perhaps he too is dead.

R., Camden.—We must decline to decide bets of this class, which anybody with time enough to spare can settle by recourse to arithmetic.

R. B., Pittsburg.—I know naught as to how they do it. Water would run in, were there none to run out.

EVART, Michigan.—There are legalised ones in the United States—in Louisiana, for example, and Kentucky.

C. SEYMOUR, St. Louis.—London, Eng., has the largest population.

R. J. MCA., Pittsburg.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. The United States Express Co. is at Youngstown, not Youngsport. John C. Heenan was an American by birth, having been born at West Troy, N. Y.

C. M. C., Buffalo.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued on 15 January, will have that and all other last times.

CARRIE K., Monmouth.—Not the kind you probably mean.

R., Savannah.—B, for whom or by whom it was thrown. See Rule 11.

W. D. F., Dayton.—We think Porter, the Detroit, Mich., billposter, publishes it.

P. H., Royal City.—It answers by mail. When we last heard of it, Ophelia it was in India.

DOC, Virden.—We never saw the engraving, so cannot say.

J. F. W., Boston.—As Mr. Talmage is the one who mentioned it, he can probably give particulars.

E. M., Millerstown.—Love & Alden, 271 Broadway, New York, publish a *Tourist Gazette*.

J. P.—There is nothing simpler or better than the juice of lemon.

R. E., Lawson.—The best 100yds. time is 9¾sec., by Seward.

H. F. TRURO, Terrell.—An English ferret can be bought in this city for about $15.

SARNIA, Ont.—She could, with a card from her hand, make another Dee.

WM. WON, Boston.—1. The player of low went out. 2. The jack of the turned-down suit (spades) counts.

B. B.—Letter received, but no inclosure. Will put application on file.

C. W., Quincy.—Ole Allerup, leader of orchestra, died in this city in April last.

G. C.—Denman Thompson played in the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., in 1875, 3, 4.

MAX B., Brooklyn.—It is a draw. Fort Sumter was first fired upon on Friday, April 12, 1861.

MAX.—In 4, 1, 6, 1, 4, 2, 5, 3, the player of the last card gets a run of six.

F. C., Oakdale.—F counts but two for thirty-one made by the last card.

W. M. C., Nashville.—She is in retirement, residing on Staten Island.

WARD, Jersey City.—1. He was born in September, 1836. 2. Partly.

A. W., Warren.—The company is no longer traveling. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

J. R., Chicago.—You will find Mr. Roberts' address in our advertising department.

FRED O. WELSH, Hudson.—Thank you for attention. We will keep the report for future reference.

C. V. P., Brooklyn.—It used to be both. 2. High goes out before low, low before jack, and jack before game.

C. S. D., St. Louis.—Q has a right to see both the called hand and the caller's.

ASHLAND.—A loses. As it weighed 15lb, it had to weigh 12lb.

CLOWN, Wilmington.—Ask for prepared chalk for the face at any drug-store.

J. H. S., Lockport.—The Great Eastern steamship was never in Port of Call in the United States.

H. & MCC., Providence.—Coup's Equescurriculum is in Philadelphia, on Broad street above Arch.

G. H., Newport.—The London Aquarium is exhibiting in the South. See current summary of this issue.

CARSON, West Philadelphia.—It was published three or four months ago.

WILL.—The numbers had the best of it, and the decision was given in his favor.

W. M., Waterville.—It is only necessary to breast the tape, and the man who did so first won the race.

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C. M

THE TRIGGER.

CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, having voluntarily resigned the position of champion wing and glass-ball shot of America, has projected a tournament for the championship, for which he offers valuable prizes, consisting of money and medals. The place selected for the tournament is the Brooklyn Driving Park, and the dates Dec. 26, 26, 27, which will be changed in case the weather should prove stormy. The programme is as follows: First day—Pigeon-shooting, 20 single and 10 double rises, gold champion medal and $150 to first, $175 to second, $100 to third, and $75 to fourth; entrance, $20. Second day—Glass-ball shooting, 100 balls each, gold medal and $75 to first, $100 to second, $75 to third, and $50 to fourth; entrance, $10. Third day—Contestants to shoot at 20 balls and 7 pigeons, $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third, and $50 to fourth; entrance, $10. All purses to fill, or pro rata. The medals are to be held two years before becoming personal property. The tournament will be governed by Capt. Bogardus' new rules, which are printed below, and which, he believes, will be found an improvement in several respects on those heretofore in use, experience having impressed upon his mind the necessity of several changes.

SINGLE BIRDS.

Rule 1. All matches or sweepstakes shall be shot from five ground traps, five yards apart, 29yds. rise and 100yds. boundary; measured from the centre-trap, with the use of one barrel only, the choice of trap to be decided by the referee by drawing gun-wads or throwing dice.

2. *Pulling of Traps.*—The trap-puller shall stand from four to six feet behind the shooter. The traps shall be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. The referee shall have five gun-wads in his pocket, having numbers upon them corresponding to the numbers on the traps. When the shooter is at the score ready to shoot, the referee shall draw a wad from his pocket or throw a dice, and show the number to the trap-puller. The trap-puller will then say "Ready," after which the shooter must call "Pull!" In all cases the trap-puller must pull for each shooter. If the trap should be sprung before the shooter has given the word, he can take the bird or not, at his option; but, if he shoots, the bird or birds shall be scored, whether killed or not, as the case may be.

3. *Judges and Referee.*—Two judges and a referee shall be appointed before the shotting commences, and the referee's decision shall be final. He may allow a contestant another bird in case the latter shall have been balked or interfered with, if he thinks the party entitled to it.

4. *Birds and Decision.*—If a bird shall fly towards parties within the bounds in such a manner that to shoot at it would endanger any person, another bird shall be allowed; and, if a bird is shot at within the bounds by any person besides the party at the score, the referee shall decide how it shall be scored, or whether another bird shall be allowed.

5. *Position at the Score.*—After the shooter has taken his stand at the score, he shall not level his gun or raise the cover his challenger's money within so many days"; Should he instringe on this rule, the bird or birds shall be scored as lost, whether killed or not.

6. *Dead and Gone Birds.*—All birds must be on the wing when shot at. If a bird is shot on the ground before it takes wing, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if shot on the ground after it has taken wing, it shall be counted no bird. If the bird does not rise immediately after the trap is pulled, the shooter shall have the option of calling "No bird;" and if he shoots at it on its afterwards rising it will be considered "a lost bird."

7. *Gathering Birds.*—It shall be optional with the party shooting to gather his own birds or appoint a person to do so for him. In all cases the bird must be gathered by hand, without any forcible means, within three minutes from the time it falls, or be scored as lost. All birds must show shot-marks if challenged. A bird once out of bounds shall be scored as lost.

8. *Misses.*—Should a gun miss fire or fail to discharge from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds, upon examination, that the gun was properly loaded and the misfire unavoidable, in which case he shall allow another bird.

9. *Size of Gun.*—The shooter shall not be allowed to use a gun of larger calibre than that known as No. 16.

10. *Charge of Shot.*—There shall be no restriction as to size of shot used or charge of powder, but the charge of shot shall be not to exceed the regular Dixon measure, No. 1-16, or No. 1,107, 18ozs. by measure.

11. *Penalty for Overloading.*—Any person challenging the trap-puller, after the shooting has commenced, must deposit with the referee the sum of five dollars, which is to become the property of the person challenged if his loads are found to be correct. If, however, they are found to be incorrect, he shall forfeit all his rights in that match.

12. *Ties.*—At a shooting match all ties shall be shot off on the same grounds immediately after the match, if they can be conveniently arranged to do so; if they cannot be concluded by sunset, they shall be concluded on the following day, unless otherwise directed by the judges or referee. This, however, shall not prevent the ties from dividing the prizes, if they all agree to do so. Should one refuse to divide, then it must be shot off. Any one of the ties being absent thirty minutes after the time agreed upon to shoot them off shall forfeit his right to contest for the prize.

13. *Bribing and Penalty.*—Any competitor or other person bribing, or attempting to bribe, the trapper or puller, or attempting by other means to obtain an unfair advantage over whomsoever, to be disqualified from shooting or sharing in the results of the match.

14. *To Prevent Accidents.*—The shooter, if he uses a breech-loading gun, shall not have the cartridge in his gun until called to the score. If he uses a muzzle-loader, he shall leave it uncapped until called.

15. *Time at Score.*—Each participant in a shooting-match shall hold himself in readiness, and come to the score prepared to shoot when his name is called by the scorer. If he be longer than five minutes, it shall be discretionary with the referee whether to allow him to shoot or not in the match.

DOUBLE BIRDS.

Rule 1. *Rise and Boundary.*—All matches shall be shot from 3 and 5 plunge-traps, which shall be set five yards apart, and the rise shall be 30 yards, and 100 yards boundary.

2. *Birds on the Wing.*—In double shooting, both birds must be on the wing when the first is shot at, and if the other should alight before shot at, the party shooting shall shoot at two more birds. If the first bird should be killed on the trap before it rises, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if killed on the ground after they have been on the wing, the shooter shall have two more birds to shoot at; or, if both birds fly and are killed with one barrel, he must shoot at two other birds.

3. The time for gathering double birds shall be five minutes. All other rules the same as for single birds.

All ties on single birds shall be shot off at five birds, the same distance as when shooting the match; and ties on double birds at three pairs, the same distance, and so on until the match is decided.

TENNESSEE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Last week the fifth annual shooting tournament and field trials of this organization was held near Nashville, Tenn., and was participated in by a large number of sportsmen from all parts of the country. The field trials commenced on Monday, Dec. 2, and were very interesting, the awards being as follows: In the Puppy Stakes, for dogs under eighteen months, the first prize was awarded to Gart, the property of Adams & Son, of Columbia, Tenn.; the second prize to Fannie, the property of George Mac Campbell of Carter's Creek, Tenn.; third prize to Dan, the property of D. C. Sanford, of Baltimore. In the Champion Stakes first and second money was divided between Drake, the property of Luther Adams of Boston, and Joe J. R., the property of MacCampbell of Ewells, Tenn., the third money to P. H. Bryson's Whip of Memphis. In the Brace Stakes the first money was given to Drake and Dash, the property of L. Adams of Boston; the second to Gladstone and Lincoln, the property of George MacCampbell of Carter's Creek; the third to Paris and Ohio, the property of L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Canada. The trap-shooting began Dec. 5, with a contest for $150 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third, ten birds, 21 yards rise, nine-traps. There were thirty-four contestants. The first prize was won by W. W. Cook of Kentucky by killing ten birds. Kirkman, Dow, Tunstall, Vass, Hobson and Martin tied for second prize, and shot at three birds. This was won by G. W. Tunstall of Mobile, Ala. The third money was divided between Arthur Merriman and Dr. Saunders of Memphis, Tenn. The second purse—$200 to the first, $120 to the second, and $70 to the third—brought the same entries as above to the score. Watkins, Vass, Tunstall, Bonnie, Saunders and Welle tied for first money, killing nine birds, and in shooting off Dr. Saunders of Memphis won it. Third money was taken by J. O. Burge of Kentucky. On the 6th a purse of $300—$150 to first, $100 to second, and $50 to third, ten birds, 21 yards—was contended for by thirty-two trap-pullers. S. B. Dow of Knoxville taking first by killing ten birds, the second going to R. P. Bonnie of Louisville, and third to Dr. Saunders. On the 7th the sport was resumed with a contest upon like conditions, thirty-four shooters. Dr. Saunders and Thomas Maskey of Nashville tied for first prize, and in shooting off Maskey won, H. P. Vass of Mobile, Ala., securing second money, and R. P. Bonnie of Louisville, third. The contest for the Lake medal—Knoxville taking first by Ed. Welle of Franklin, who killed all his birds. Next was a purse of $500, $250 to first, $150 to second and $100 to third. Arthur Merriman of Nashville won first money, after shooting off a tie with J. F. Nicholson of Nashville, the second being taken by J. C. Bush of Mobile, and the third by A. J. Furyear of Mississippi.

MEMBERS of the Long Branch Gun Club and some others had some sport at Erb's, Newark, N. J., Dec. 7. The initiatory event was a handicap sweepstakes, $25 each, 25 birds, trap, Hurlingham rules, which resulted thus: E. G. Murphy (30yds.), 21; Dr. Zellner (30), 18; C. Grant (26), 16; C. Butler (30), 13. This was followed by a match between Edgar Murphy and C. Grant, $50 a side, 25 birds, 30yds., the latter receiving 2yds. Murphy killed Grant, 17 out of 23; Murphy, 16 out of 22. Three handicap sweeps followed, the first being divided between Eddy, Jamieson and Manning, each of whom killed all his birds. In the second, Jay took first money, killing seven straight, Grant second, and Manning and Hughes divided third. On the third sweep E. Murphy knocked over eight birds in succession and got first money, Butler second, and Jamieson, who killed seven, a tie with Zellner killed nine straight, won third by one bird.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION has appointed a committee to inquire into the feasibility of procuring a more accessible range than Creedmoor, owing to the unaccommodating spirit shown by the management of the Long Island Railroad Company.

A BIG SCORE.—In practice-shooting at Washington, D. C., Dec. 6, J. M. Partello scored 72 at 800 yards, and 72 at both 900 and 1,000 yards—a total of 316 out of a possible 320. The weather was raw and cold, and the wind stiff but fairly steady.

IRA PAINE will attempt, at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, on Dec. 11, the feat of breaking fifty-two glass balls out of a hundred thrown in every direction by James Devlin, the well-known baseball-pitcher.

AQUATIC.

THE N. A. A. O. COLLEGIATE RACES.

The following circular has been forwarded by the Executive Committee of the National Association to the different colleges throughout the States:

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN—ALBANY, November, 1878.—Before regattas were established in this country, such of the leading clubs as were anxious to show their superior aquatic prowess were compelled to issue challenges to any rivals, to waste much valuable time in settling preliminaries, and were frequently forced to row a series of races without then settling the championship, thus obscuring the times of their members, and largely increasing the expenses of the club before their superiority would be recognized. The regatta system has worked a radical change, and the winners in the several events at the Annual Regatta of the National Association are now conceded to be the undisputed amateur champions of the United States. The evils with which the other amateur clubs had formerly to contend seem still inherent in the usages which are now prevalent among collegiate boating organizations, and the need for some annual contest to decide the supremacy between the various college crews has long been apparent. This want will now be supplied, through the generosity and public spirit of the Eureka, Passaic, and Triton Boat Clubs, of Newark, N. J., the Association has become possessed of three elegant cups, as perpetual challenge prizes, to be contended for annually in the regatta given to the world. These races will be confined to college oarsmen, and will occur at such a date and over such a course as shall be generally satisfactory to the contestants. I have the honor of forwarding you herewith photographs of the challenge plate. The three pieces, which are of sterling silver, are unique in design and of the finest workmanship, two of them coming from the factory of the Gorham Company, and the remaining one from Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of New York. The National Association is anxious to act in accordance with the wishes of the leading colleges in the matter, and I would be pleased to learn from you at your earliest convenience (a) The month of which your college would prefer, i. e., which three of the following list: single-scull shell, double-scull shell, pair-oared shell, four-oared shell, six-oared shell, eight oared shell. (b) The most convenient date for the regatta. (c) The qualifications which should be prescribed for contestants—*e. g.*, shall the races be confined to undergraduates, or shall students pursuing a post-graduate course be eligible.

Yours very respectfully,
HENRY W. GARFIELD, Secretary.

THE PIONEER ROWING CLUB of San Francisco Cal., held a regatta Nov. 28 at Long Bridge, with the results herewith shown: *Four-oared Shells*, two miles—Juniors: J. Murphy, Ali. Tobin, P. Slattery and J. Sullivan, 1. Seniors: J. R. Brennan, D. Lowry, M. Sullivan and T. Brennan, 2. Won by twelve lengths in 14½min. *Four-oared barge race*—Pioneer: J. Sullivan, H. J. Henry, J. Brennan and R. Byers, 1. Emily: A. Tobin, B. F. Sullivan, R. Tobin, P. Slattery and Robert Tobin (cox.), 2. Won easily by two lengths in 17¼min.

THE COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB of this city on Dec. 8 elected the following officers: Commodore, Robert McWhinney; vice commodore, Abner S. Ingles; secretary, John Frick; treasurer, Joseph A. Weaver; measurer, W. J. Gresson; steward, Philip Heuseman; trustees, John Frick, chairman, Colonel A. H. Rogers, Dr. J. C. Perrine, Louis P. Wiegman, and Joseph A. Weaver.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Gramercy Boat Club of this city, held Thursday evening, Dec. 5, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William M. Dean; vice-president, Charles F. Hastings; treasurer, Herbert Mills; recording secretary, Geo. F. Krapp; corresponding secretary, Julius D. Mahr; captain, Charles Barwicker; lieutenant, Wm. C. Taggart; board of trustees, Charles R. Keyes, John Kyle, Charles Hazelton, D. Cunningham and Pat. E. Dolan.

A CHALLENGE has been issued by Mr. Barrass of Newcastle, Eng., to match Robert Watson Boyd of Gateshead to row any man in the world over the Tyne championship course, in four-oars three to six months after the first deposit, for from £500 to £1,000 a-side; or he will match Boyd to row any man in the world two matches—one over the Thames course and the other over the Tyne course—for £200 a side each match.

THE HOWE BOAT CLUB of Boston Highlands, Mass., last week elected the following officers: Michael C. O'Hare, president; Charles F. Sheehan, vice-president; John McCarty, secretary; John Corbett, treasurer; William S. Storey, captain; board of directors, M. C. O'Hare, John Quinn and J. F. Roberts.

WILLIAM SPENCER and Chas. T. Bullman rowed from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £100 a side, Nov. 26. Spencer had the easiest part of a win, paddling past the Ship four lengths ahead in 26m. 9s.

W. FORSTER defeated J. Stewart by three lengths in a skiff race for £50, nearly three miles and a half straightaway, on the Tyne, Eng., Nov. 28. Time, 25m. 22s.

BILLIARDS.

SEXTON AND SLOSSON MATCHED AGAIN.

It was a surprise to George F. Slosson on the night of Nov. 30 to learn that he had challenged William Sexton to play for the championship medal which is now the property of the latter. The challenge was really done by three gentlemen in this city, who had hard work to find Slosson by telegraph in Chicago on that Saturday night, so as to let him know that he had challenged, and to tell him what to telegraph in return. Sexton will play Slosson because he thinks it will benefit his business in the Bowery to play a match with anybody who can find backers. The sole animus of this challenge is a half-a-dozen or so a desire to take the medal away from Sexton, who in order to get it at last had to call in the services of a lawyer, Col. John R. Fellows. If Slosson wins the pending match, it is quite likely that Sexton will give him the medal, which has ceased to be typical in anyone's hands but Sexton's. The championship it once represented no longer exists, and Sexton is now not champion, but ex-champion. When the New York gentlemen, at nearly midnight of Nov. 30, challenged Sexton, they thought they were in ample time, as it was not until midnight of Nov. 30 that Sexton's term as champion expired. They overlooked several things, however. At midnight on Nov. 30 the donor of the medal ceased to have any claim upon it, and the rules under which the medal had been held ceased to be operative. Sexton, when on May 31, 1877, he first won this championship, was to hold it for eighteen months—not twenty-one months, or even nineteen months. The rules required him, when challenged, to play a return game of 1,500 points, in this city, to decide which shall be allowed to fill the gap occasioned by the absence of Maurice Vignaux, who desired to be guaranteed too large a sum. The opening game of the tourney will be played at Cooper Institute on Jan. 20.

ATHLETIC.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

The second annual Winter meeting of this club will be held on the evenings of Thursday and Saturday, Jan. 3, 4, 1879, at Gilmore's Garden. The programme will be as follows, unless circumstances demand a change: *First Evening.*—1. 75-yards run, trials. 2. 440-yards run, trials. 3 Mile walk, those who have never beaten 5:30, trials. 4. 75-yards run, 2d trials. 5 Amateur tug-of-war, trial pulls, open to teams of ten men. 6 220-yards run, trials. 7. Mile run. 8. 440-yards hurdle race, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. 9. 220-yards, Mile run, 7th Regiment, tug-of-war, final pulls, open to teams of six men. *Second Evening.*—1. 75 yards run, final. 2. 440-yards run, final. 3. Professional tug-of-war, trial pulls, teams of five men. 4 8:30 walk, final. 5. 220 yards, hurdle race, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. 6. Seventh Regiment tug-of-war, final pulls. 7. Two-mile walk. 8. Half-mile run. 9. Professional tug-of-war, final pulls. 10. Bicycle race, two miles. 11. Amateur tug-of-war, final pulls. In case too many entries are received, the number will be limited. All events are handicaps excepting tugs-of-war, bicycle race and 8:30 walk. Medals will be given to first, second and third in each game, excepting in tug-of-war, where a prize will be given to each member of the winning team. An entrance fee (not returnable) of one dollar per man for each and every event is required to accompany all entries, and in case an entry is accepted the person entering will receive a competitor's ticket, which admits him both evenings. Entrance fee for each amateur tug-of-war team, five dollars. Three subscribers allowed. Members of athletic or rowing associations, unless known to the club, will be required to furnish a certificate of membership, and any person not a member of a recognized club must be properly introduced by some well-known person who can vouch for his being an amateur. Tug-of-war teams must represent some club or association. An amateur is any person who has never competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for pub le money, or for admission money, or with professionals for a prize, public money, or admission money; nor has ever, at any period of his life, taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood. The professional tug is international, and will be for a purse of money. Entries will close Thursday, Dec. 26, and must be addressed to SECRETARY, NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, P. O. Box 3,101, New York.

MADAME ANDERSON has made arrangements with A. R. Samuells to undertake a walk of 2,000 quarter miles in as many consecutive quarter hours at Mozart Garden, corner of Smith and Fulton streets, Brooklyn. A track will be laid down this week surveyed by the City Surveyor, and the long tramp will commence at eight o'clock on Monday evening, Dec. 16. We are informed that it is the intention to take proper measures to insure correctness in timing distance, etc., without which records cannot be obtained.

FRANK E. LEMARDSON, who has gained an excellent reputation as a performer on the cinder-path, has taken the premises No. 55 Greenwich avenue, this city, which he will ooen as an oyster and chop-house, under the name of the Village Hotel, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, when his brother athletes will doubtless see to it that he receives a proper start. E. C. Holske will be present, ready to tell what he knows about England and English walkers.

O'LEARY AND CAMPANA may be considered as good as matched for a six days' "mix," the backers of the latter having on Dec. 5 covered the one thousand dollars deposited by O'Leary with *The Spirit of the Times*. It is expected that articles will be signed this week, and the contest will probably take place during Christmas week, and in this city if suitable arrangements can be made.

DANIEL O'LEARY commenced at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Dec. 2, the feat of walking 400 miles in 134 hours, which he successfully accomplished on the evening of 7, being about thirty-two miles ahead of time. The attendance during the walk was slim. His best mile was made in 9m. 12s.; but after the 400 were finished he walked an extra mile, the time of which was 8m.

MICKY FREE.—The projected benefit for the family of the late Mickey Free has been volunteered for by a number of persons, and all that remains to do is for those for whose success in life the deceased athlete worked hard to remember his ball and for whom a date, which should be done in season for our next issue.

THE Y. M. C. A. GYMNASIUM of Boston, Mass., offer a belt composed of twelve silver links for competition by amateurs in a ten-mile walk for the championship of New England, to take place Dec. 21, and should be made to Chas. F. Huckins, Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, Eliot and Tremont street, Boston.

SAMUEL BERRY of Philadelphia and Frank Robinson of Lawrence, Mass., have made a match to wrestle Dec. 18, at Lawrence, for $100 a side, Lancashire style, catch-as-catch-can, Robinson not to weigh over 140 pounds. This match is exciting considerable interest.

WM. PERKINS attempted to walk eight miles against the pony Monkey trotting fifteen at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Nov. 25, but after doing 6 miles 2 laps (three to the mile) in 54m. 58s. he gave up, the pony finishing the fifteen miles in 58m. 51s.

A MILE-RACE between Wm. Duddle and Daniel Houldsworth, the former laying $25 to $25, took place at Moston Park, near Manchester, Eng., Nov. 25, Houldsworth winning by less than a yard in 4m. 31s. on a heavy track.

A FOOTBALL MATCH between the teams of Rutgers College and the College of the City of New York, played at New Brunswick, N. J., Dec. 7, was won by Rutgers by a score of six touch-downs to nothing.

A FOOTBALL MATCH was contested by Columbia and Rutgers Colleges at Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 6, neither side scoring either goal or touch-down, and darkness compelling the cutting short of the second inning.

A 130-YARD ALL-AMERICAN HANDICAP, $75 to first, $25 to second and $15 to third, will take place at Elyria, O., Jan. 1; entrance, $1.

THOS. BUCKLEY of the Scottish-American A. C. and Thos. H. Noonan of the American A. C. are to walk ten miles for a gold medal in this city, Dec. 23.

ED. C. HOLSKE arrived at this port from Liverpool on Saturday morning, Dec. 7, looking more the worse for his trip, but very glad to reach home again.

J. W. GERRY, the Boston deaf and dumb walker, is to attempt to beat Holt's ten-mile time at Boston, Mass., on the evening of Dec. 19.

THE TURF.

THE BOARD OF REVIEW.

On Tuesday, Dec. 3, the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association met at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, this city, and held daily sessions until the 5th, when their labors were brought to a close. The most important cases brought before the body was the Edwin Forrest affair at Utica, in which it was claimed that he had been fraudulently beaten. During the course of the investigation evidence was given by President Hutchinson of the Utica Park Association, by the judges of the race, several drivers, and representatives of sporting journals, the testimony strongly tending to show foul work. The Board were unable to arrive at a decision, but gave expression to their opinion in the following order:

In the matter before us we find much to cause great concern to the Board that such a grievous fraud should have been successfully perpetrated on one of the leading tracks in the country. That the race was a fraud is evident from the proofs already submitted, as is also the probable guilt of some of the successful persons; but, that all the parties in guilt may, if possible, be reached, the case is continued until the next meeting of the Board, and in the meantime the secretary is instructed to use any detective force proper and necessary to bring out all of the facts.

The Board rendered decisions in the following cases:

643. William Lovell, New York, vs. Woodside Park, C. W. Smith, Lonsdale, Stamford, Ct.—Application for removal of suspension and for an order.—Application granted.

744. Beach Grove Driving Park, Mad son, Ind., vs. Jerome Rowley, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, C. L. and F. L. Barnes, Ohio, and the b. g. George H. Mitchell, alias Bay Frank.—Action of Association confirmed.

745 Jerome Rowley, Mt. Vernon, O., vs. Beach Grove Driving Park, Madison, Ind.—Application for removal of expulsion of him and b. g. Bay Frank, alleged to be G. H. Mitchell.—Application refused.

467. Peter Manee, Jersey City, N. J., vs. Woodside Park (C. W. Smith lessee), Stamford, Ct.—Application for of suspension of him and b. m. Mary A. Whitney.—Application granted.

THE BONESETTER-PROTEINE DECISION.

883. H. F. Bemis and Frank Van Ness, Chicago, Ill., vs. Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, Chicago, Ill.—Appeal and application for an order.

The applicants seek to reverse the decision of the judges, claiming and endeavoring to show, by the testimony of unofficial persons, that the judges erred in their determination of the facts and in their decision. Having considered the matters presented, the Board hold that the judges were upon the race course proper persons to determine the facts, and, in the absence of fraud, positive or constructive, are solely to determine them. See Rules 28 and 29; also decisions of the Board of Appeals in case 134, known as the Bonesetter case, wherein it is held that there is neither an allegation nor a presumption of fraud affecting the judges, and, this being so, the Board of Review will not permit their judgment to be disturbed. The Board, however, is satisfied from the proofs that the facts were not as they determined them to be, they being, as stated above, sole arbiters thereof. But, granting that Bonesetter did not break as alleged, and that there was no foul play, we cannot refrain from expressing surprise that Bemis should take exception to those now playing my sketches. E. MASON JR.,
38-1t 143 North Tenth street, Philadelphia.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. H. DAVIS ..... Proprietor
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AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
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AMUSEMENT ALPHABET.

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B—For the Bartletts, *fine stock*, and the *sweetest pair of* 'em;
C—Chanfrau, Campana—*Napoleons* both in *tenor* of their *walk*;
D—An Dickinson drops acting, Anna *bowl in* again for *Lotta*;
E—For Evans—*an ill fool us, Sir accuse*—if he *can't, a-Min!*
F—But on Fanchet! *mind-reader per vision's light, no stokes*, or *can she faking!*
G—*Galaxy, Gordon, Goodman, Gad!* & *Gilbert, Gilmore, add a Gilmen.*
H—By almost a life Henderson's wife *wrought standard* success through Gaborian.
I—An *ince idental* star of the far Western slope,
J—*Jewett* yet will prove the *sara*[illegible] of her *line*, we hope.
K—Kernells, Karl Knights, Ketchum, Kelsey.
L—*Lorne, Loyal Loeta, Laura, Lizzie, Lotta, Lee.*
M—Maeder, *nee*—as sweet she'd *sing by* any other name,
N—Singing for Norwood *"Robert ah! que j'aime!"*
O—Appended to Nellie's fine actor records.
P—Powerful, sticking like a *brick* to the *boards*.
Q—Queen, ventriloquial, magical, as fait as a poser—
R—Rogers, Raymond, Robson, Rowe, Richmond, Rand and *Ricks*.
S—And the losses of Niblo's is *Starin'*, so *long* as he pays *so long* may he take.
T—Though Talmage no charity the players shows, they *do* shew for its sweet sake.
U—An rever, Uncle *Josh*—*we'll come again! Bon-mot, tastes now.*
V—Von Stamwitz's figure l'amazons—her voice to match should be heard soon?
W—And *nobby* Weathersby for *good wins* a mate.
X—Still the old clock's on *tick*, time, xilphone *rats*.
Y—Yeamans, the two Jeannie and Dolly in "Humpty Dumpty" find seem).
Z—Zavistowski, *step out*, judge o' Folly's calves fat and lean.

—— Sara (Heb.), princess. RAMERINO.

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR,
A HAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WM. R. EISELER.

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans" and "Dr. Lovell," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Jack Rann, the Free Trapper of Texas," "Through War and Love," "The Haunted Banker," &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MICHAEL'S ORDERS—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

The conference ended with all the symbols of victory in the hands of Williams. Possession is nine points in the law; and he had possession. He went to the window and looked out. On the lawn he saw Michael, and to him he called:

"Tell Mrs. Boyle to come upstairs to the hall a moment, and then wait without there for further orders."

Michael departed towards the rear of the house in obedience to the commands, whilst Williams addressed his companion in a voice totally altered in its tone.

"It is almost time for supper—we follow the usual Pennsylvania style as regards our meals. I shall have tea set in the library, and I doubt not that your appetite, freshened by your walk, will enable you to do ample justice to the plain but toothsome viands Mother Boyle will set before us."

Her mood seemed to have changed somewhat. The heat had gone out of her voice, and she spoke in a quiet, resolute way:

"I confess to the need, and shall so far trespass upon your hospitality, if the appearance of the meal is not too long postponed. I shall not starve for spite, since I may need all my strength, and there is nothing like foraging on the enemy. Yet, afterwards, I should like to know, in truth, what you purpose doing."

"Nay, that is not for me to say. You know my will, and it is yours to answer how far obedience to it will be free, how far forced. Will you compel me to use strong measures?"

"I have told you that there can be no compromise between us."

"I think a little consideration will cause you to change your opinion."

The creaking sound of Mrs. Boyle's footsteps were heard in the hall, and Mr. Williams went out and closed the door, standing close to it, however, whilst he issued his directions. In his absence Annie looked around her if happily she might see some means of exit, but unless she went by the window there were none. As that way was ungraceful, uncertain and dangerous, she remained, and Williams upon his return found her standing at a window.

"Ah, you are looking at your *maitre du chambre*. You will find him faithful to my interests, and in every way respectful to my wife."

"What is it that you mean?"

"I mean that the corps of servants at Summit Lodge is by no means large—in fact, the only woman about it is Mrs. Boyle, who is of an age so venerable that I cannot conscientiously add to her already onerous list of duties. As I cannot be always present with you, and it seems that your stay here depends altogether upon watchfulness and force, when I am absent I shall have to leave you under the surveillance of my faithful Mike."

"Have you neither pride nor shame?"

She flushed up with indignation, and he colored consciously.

"I have both, but it does not do at this juncture to care for either. I must be absent this evening, so I am afraid you will have to submit to his companionship. A few words will be sufficient to apprise him of the position of affairs; and if he is peculiarly distasteful, perhaps it will do if he stands sentinel on the other side of the door—unless you give your parole."

"For how long?" she answered calmly.

"For a longer or shorter time, as you prefer. When the parole runs out, Williams' guardianship soon begins. In any event, you will remain in the house, and he will keep an eye upon the avenues of entrance and exit."

"I will not yield me, rescue or no rescue;" but, sooner than submit to his hateful guardianship, I will not promise not to attempt to escape unassisted between now and to-morrow morning. Night is drawing on, and I have no desire to wander alone in these lonely mountains."

"You yield with a good grace, and I accept your pledge. Allow me to escort you to the library, or perhaps I had better first lead you to the room you will be expected to occupy."

She nodded in a slow, dignified way, and the two left the room together. Both did sufficient justice to the meal, and afterwards Williams made his excuses in a light and airy way, and departed. If he had any doubts, he kept them carefully hid; and the way he accepted the present position of affairs, and managed them, won even a little admiration from Annie, who was now sufficiently calm to note and analyze his bearing.

She saw him from the window, to which she naturally approached, lead Michael away in a long and earnest conversation. Doubtless he was giving that worthy servitor his instructions, which she felt would be observed to the letter.

After a time Annie wandered out from the so-called library, returning to the front room of the house in which she had held the trying interview that afternoon. It was too early to retire, and she shrank from the loneliness of the chambers in, the upper story. Flinging herself down upon the sofa, she resigned herself to thought.

Finally, as was natural, over the bitter introspection there came a cloud of forgetfulness, and she sank into a dizzy, dreamy state, as though she were lingering at the halfway house on the road to slumber. From this she aroused with a sudden start. Someone was moving with a light footstep along the hall without. Listening with intense eagerness, Annie heard the steps approaching the door of the room, which finally was flung open, and she saw in the dim light a feminine form framed in the doorway. At once leaping to her feet, she stood eyeing this newcomer, to whom, standing in the shrouding darkness of the corner of the room, she was entirely invisible. It might be a friend, or it might be a foe; at any rate, from a woman she should naturally expect sympathy, and she felt inclined to hail her arrival with delight.

Some movement of Annie's, or perhaps the sound of her breathing, had reached the stranger's ear. She stood peering into the room in a listening attitude.

"Such a shame as this is," said a soft voice. "Did no one know of my coming? I am sure I sent you word a week ago. Here was I dumped down, bag and baggage, and not a soul to meet me after my long ride. Are you there, Caleb?"

Annie did not answer; wonder and curiosity combined rendered her speechless. Who was this newcomer, that seemed to have a right to expect a welcome?

After a brief pause the same sweet voice continued, its owner at the same time dropping heavily something which to Annie's mind appeared to be a traveling satchel.

"I thought I heard someone, but perhaps I was mistaken. This is rather a cold welcome; let me see if I cannot have a light."

Annie's eyes, accustomed to the gloom, followed the intruder as she stepped lightly to the mantel. There was the stroke of a match, the lighting of a lamp, and the stranger turned round and stood confronting and gazing at Annie, an expression of wonder on her frank, fair young face.

"And, pray, who may you be?" was her instant query, given with the air of one who, perfectly at home, felt disposed to question the presence of the other.

"I am a paroled prisoner," was the answer, spoken with sufficient bitterness to show that there was no jest in the words.

"A prisoner? What have you done? Nothing very dreadful, I hope; for I rather like your face, and I do not want to be afraid of you. Sit down there and tell me who you are."

Annie looked up at the girl who in an offhand and slightly imperious way issued this order, sweetened with a dash of flattery, and felt on the instant inclined to return the compliment. She even smiled with an actual heartiness at the ludicrous nature of the request, given in such apparent good earnest.

"It was nothing very criminal, if that is what you mean; nor was it of that nature which the world is apt to brand as wicked. Years ago, it seems like centuries to me now, I was married."

The avowal came straightforwardly. Indeed, with these earnest brown eyes looking into hers with a peculiar gaze at once attractive and painful, she felt repelled from any attempt at prevarication; yet it seemed the height of folly to tell all her miserable story to this young stranger.

"Married? There's no crime in that, unless you were married too much; and I know that that you would never be. Who was the man, and what connection has that wish your being here now? Is your husband with you, and are you visiting at the Lodge? Ah, now I see—a prisoner in the bonds of matrimony—imprisoned by a word, and that word 'Yes.' I shall stay here now for some time, I know, and we shall be great friends, no doubt. You are good and kind, are you not?"

"Kind?" said Annie thoughtfully, as she read the face before her, trying to trace out the resemblance which she thought she there saw. "'A little more than kith, and less than kind.' Yes; your face looks strangely like; dare I tell you my story?"

The suddenness of this question and its utter inappropriateness as an answer to the inquiries put to her did not seem to strike the listener. She smiled gayly, shook her superbly-poised head, and, without perceiving anything in the disconnected manner of the lady who made such a proposition upon so short an acquaintance, at once responded:

"Oh, above all things, yes! If there is anything to tell, do begin at once. I am dying to hear it, and while you talk I shall rest myself upon the lounge. I've had my supper, don't you know? and, of course—but where is Caleb?"

"Mr. Williams has gone away, to be absent for a few hours, and it is to him that I gave my parole," answered Annie. To talk to any one was a relief, and there was something magnetic about this breezy little woman that at once operated upon the heart, inclining one to be strangely confidential. "You are Mr. Williams' sister, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; I am Clarice."

The answer was given with an affirmative nod, and a beam of smiles that broke in ruffles all over the fair face.

"I thought as much. Then let me explain to you the cause of my presence here. After that I shall ask for your protection, if it should ever happen to be necessary. Perhaps you may be of assistance to me, and something instinctively tells me that I may trust you."

"You may trust me; only I warn you beforehand that what goes in at one ear goes out at the other. I am worthless; I am good for nothing. My interest is intense enough in what lies before me—for anything else I have no mind, no memory."

"But I will be before you, and, for the present, I want you to keep me there. When I am once gone, forget me as soon as possible."

"Very well, then: go on. They used to tell me in Harrisburg—but, never mind that—to your story."

And Annie told her story.

There was no need that she should inveigh against Caleb Williams as a villain or style herself a victim. She simply told how she had casually made his acquaintance in New York, and how her father had exhibited a strange dislike, even hatred, towards him, which heightened her naturally girlish interest; how he had taken some pains to pursue her with his forbidden attentions; and how, at last, there had come a miserable elopement, with its fearfully tragical denouement. She touched lightly upon other troubles that had finally left her stranded upon the rock of Summit Lodge, from which she intended to make her exit upon the first possible opportunity.

In Clarice she had an attentive listener. When Annie had finished she was all aglow with excitement at the brief history she had heard.

"And you believe that Brother Caleb intends to keep you here a prisoner—to actually hold you against your wishes?"

"Indeed, I am afraid he does."

"But such a thing would be wicked, infamous, cruel. He shall not do it. Why do you linger here? Why do you not go at once to your friends."

"To escape the close attendance of his humble servant I gave my parole, and I shall keep it—until morning. Besides, I have no friends here, or near here, to go to. If I succeed in escaping, I shall not pause or stop, but go where I can be protected and assisted."

Clarice went nearer to Annie. She put her arm around her neck, and held her lovely if care-marked face to the light, and looked down into her sweet eyes.

"You are a good woman?" she said, blushing as she spoke.

Annie raised herself up royally, her petite form growing queenly as she waved her hand with the palm towards Clarice:

"Can you doubt me?" and Clarice, stooping down, kissed her and said:

"Then I will be your friend. Come, now, let us go upstairs together."

CHAPTER IX.

DETECTIVE BOYD STRIKES A NEW CLUE.

As already intimated, some weeks previous to the afternoon when Annie Alden (or Annie Williams, as she might, perhaps, more properly be called) had made her appearance at Summit Lodge, in so sudden and unexpected a manner, Scott Boyd had received some personal instructions from his old friend Caleb Williams in regard to a certain search that he wished to have instituted.

He immediately set to work, and carried the business through in the rapid, thorough, successful way for which he was noted. Having learned about all he thought it was necessary for him to know, he returned to New York, but found that Williams, in the interim, had changed base and left behind no very tangible idea of when he might be expected to return. He inquired for him then in Philadelphia, but no one seemed to know anything about him there; and so, having no other case on hand that was urgent, he suddenly made a flying incursion of the coal regions, or at least that part of them which lay near Carbon Cove, and in consequence near the Red Ridge Colliery.

He did this without a thought of Summit Lodge, of the existence of which he had entirely forgotten. His errand there was to get a sight of one Charles Taylor. He had no particular desire for an actual interview, but he wished to see the young man and obtain some information in regard to his personal habits and probable age.

It did not take the astute detective very long to get upon the track of the party he was after, though to see him turned out to be quite a different matter.

He arrived at Carbon Cave in the afternoon, rather late, and sought lodgings at a hotel where he felt certain that as soon as he became fairly domesticated he would have opportunity to learn something about Taylor, if he really were employed in any of the neighboring mines.

It was quickly apparent that, if he desired to hear anything of mines, miners and mining, he could not by any possibility have struck a better, richer load, since he had stumbled upon a regular headquarters for the mining fraternity. Shortly after sundown deputations of carousers from the different mines began to make their appearance, and it was not long before the bar was being well patronized by this class of customers, with some of whom, with his knowledge of human nature and practice in the art of getting acquainted, it did not take Boyd long to get familiar. He did not know that they were, in their way, fully as shrewd as himself, and immediately suspected him to be a man with an object. As the object was a matter of conjecture, they set him down as a newspaper reporter, sent there to write up the strikes that had been and those which were possibly to come. As a consequence, the information which he received to his, as he supposed, carefully-put questions, was more ingenious than reliable.

He asked, finally, concerning Charles Taylor, whom he understood was working in the Red Ridge Colliery, and whether he would be likely to see him there that night. The answer convinced him that he was on the right track. Taylor was there, but if anyone wanted to see him he would have to go to the mines or to the dwelling of Taylor; he was not given to dissipation, and was considered a very unconcerned sort of fellow. Besides, he was in trouble now, and it was a good thing that he had come now—there was no doubt that in a day or two he would be gone.

As time passed on, some of the miners grew a little uproarious, and Boyd thought it best to leave the barroom, as in such crowds there is always a chance for a difficulty that has little of honor or profit in the result. Thinking over what little he had learned, he withdrew quietly to his own room, taking no light, since he would have no difficulty in reaching it. There were only one flight of stairs to ascend and a few steps to traverse on a balcony.

Alone in the room, Boyd felt but little like seeking his couch, since it was early yet, and he was usually rather a late bird. It would be easy to force himself to sleep, perhaps; but, as far as he knew of, there was nothing before him that would very soon cause much loss of sleep, and under such circumstances he preferred taking a quiet little smoke before retiring. Without making any noise, he took his seat at the open window, and was about striking a match to light the fresh cigar he held between his teeth, when he became aware that someone immediately below was speaking in a guarded tone.

Playing detective takes the edge off the finer instincts. Without reason or thought he listened, without for a time being much benefited. About the first remark which he understood was the question:

"About Boston? What are you meddlin' with him fur? I can't see no reason fur it, an' it's my idea the man what does it will be in trouble if he don't hold on. It's underhand skullduggery, and if I was sure of it all I'd report to the section. Men that go playin' outside of the limits sometimes gits roasted themselves. There are other things more important just now, and such work will only hurt us when we try to do what has to be done."

"Sure an' it's all roight; an' if it aint, ye'd better be sakin' ov' the big boss up at the Summit, that's runnin' things now. He's workin' wid us agin the ould tyrants in Filleydelfy, an' whatever he does the eyes is goin' to back up."

The first speaker gave a low whistle, expressive of astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that Williams is down on the lad? What can he mean? It's unmanly and treacherous to be using such means when he might tell him to get up and git."

"Whist! Don't be afther usin' names that way. Sure it's none of my business. Maybe ye'd better be puttin' the pump on Mike. If yer tell him to kim down, he'll hev to do it."

"We won't tell him a word. I only give you warnin' to be careful, an' let you know about the meeting to-night. Let's be getting back and away. We must start soon."

The two speakers departed, leaving Boyd both surprised and interested. In a moment he had received a revelation. His employer had an interest in the mines, and doubtless he was the Williams spoken of. An inquiry or two, he doubted not, would satisfy him of the fact; and if it were, he thought he would visit him at once, provided he could learn his place of residence. He left the room and descended the stairs. As he went he was questioning himself as to who "Boston" was, and thought he knew. It was probably Charles Taylor.

And of this Charles Taylor we will have more to say in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

WITH MISS MAGUIRE'S COMPLIMENTS.

In the Red Ridge Colliery there had been employed for some time a young person named Taylor, who, despite his age, was every inch a mechanic and a man. In times past the mechanic having found it hard to obtain work, the man came very nigh to starvation in consequence, since the recognition of his merits as a good, industrious workman had been slender.

Boston was the place in which Taylor had labored, and in some sort lived, for some years previous to the opening of our story, and Boston, as we have hinted, supported him quite poorly. When at last it became patent that in Boston there was nothing in the ordinary course of events but starvation, Taylor left that city of crooked streets with an intention of journeying westward; but he halted in his career, for two very good and sufficient reasons—his money was expended and he found employment.

Having found work at more remunerative prices, all things considered, than he had hitherto dreamed of, he did not stop long to consider whether it was easy or hard, whether the hours were long or short, whether he was one of nature's free noblemen or the slave of a grasping, soulless corporation. He had work, and he worked.

One evening this man Taylor was seated on a rude stool within a little rough cabin nestling upon the timber-covered side of Pilot's Knob. There were hundreds of other like cabins upon the mountain-side, standing singly or clustering closely together; but this hut was peculiarly isolated by location, and its inhabitant had intended it to be. He was a lonely sort of man by nature, and his fellow-workmen were not the kind of people that he wished to associate with; consequently he took up his place of abode in this solitary cabin, where he ate his breakfast daily, prepared his dinner, and did his sleeping. Being a dietist, he ate no supper, either there or elsewhere.

To those who think that two meals per diem, and one of them a cold lunch, are less than a laboring man can possibly exist on, we only say "Try it." The capabilities of the human system, when tested either through necessity or by choice, in good faith, are very wonderful; and when once a habit is fairly established and a groove formed, the habit slides along through the groove with little friction. So it happened that Taylor, who had very frequently in times gone by done without any meal at all, found very little trouble in not only existing on his one meal and a half per diem, but also in working hard and gaining strength.

On this evening Taylor was not preparing over-night for his next day's culinary operations, nor was he darning or patching his scrupulously-kept wardrobe. He was reading. Neither was it a book or a paper that he was reading—though both could have been produced if need be—but a piece of paper, grimy, ragged, and covered with great sprawling characters and figures.

In spite of the unattractive appearance of this paper, it was of absorbing interest to our intelligent mechanic. Not from any difficulty in spelling out its uncouthly-formed words, for the stiff-fingered writer had managed to make every idea as plain as though written in letters of fire, but because in this letter he saw the growing germs of positive danger and possible death.

To keep the reader no longer in suspense, we reproduce for his benefit what gave to Taylor a thrill of terror when he first saw it pinned to the inside wall of his cabin by his own butcher-knife:

Now man I have warented ye afore an I willint warind you no mor—but I will garint yo the will be the report of the rewolver.

This delectable notice was written on a half sheet of note-paper, which, from the creases in it, appeared as though it might have been the back of some old, short letter; and for signature a rude figure of a revolver was drawn, that reached clear across the bottom of the page.

The contents of this letter were not peculiarly a surprise to Taylor. Plenty of other men had received, as he very well knew, just such epistles; and very many of these men, too, had disappeared shortly thereafter, though whether through force or fear it was hard to say, since they left no trace or trail behind. If they had, it is doubtful if anyone would have noted it. Nor was this the first, or even the second, anonymous threat which Charles Taylor had received.

As he sat there in the lonely shadows he held and pondered over three separate warnings, of which the one given was the last. The first note had been handed him by a small boy, who said that he was told to do so by a couple of men. It read:

MR. CHARLES TAYLOR.—Please leave Carbon Cove, or, if you don't, you will suffer. We will give you one week to go. By order of the B. S. H.

This warning was worthy of serious consideration, and Taylor, having considered it seriously, concluded not to go. His employment was not to dig coal, and consequently, as there was no general strike and he was not in the line of operations of any of the miners' benevolent associations, he fancied that perhaps there was some mistake about this, which, by conversation with some of the miners whom he supposed to have influence, might be rectified. That he was mistaken himself was very soon apparent. A few days later came a note, more brief and pointed than the first. It simply read:

Now git.—MOLLIE.

"Mollie!" That settled it.

In a day or two it was known all over, not only in the Red Ridge Colliery, but also through the neighboring mines, that Charles Taylor was a marked man. He saw this in the way in which those shrank away from him who, but a few days before, were wont to greet him with a friendly nod and a "top of the moraint."

Under such circumstances the receipt of the third letter very naturally would cause more or less uneasiness, and Taylor, as the evening shadows deepened, seated himself to consider whether his resolution not to leave did not need reconsideration.

"I will *not* go," he finally said, bracing himself up stiffly as he thought. "I have labored hard and toiled honestly all my life, and somehow from pillar to post I have been driven; first by one unlucky stroke of fortune, then by another. Now it is only a question of nerve; and, if I am ever to win in the game of life, this is the place to make the effort. Nerve and muscle against brute force—we shall see which will come out best."

Just at this point in his soliloquy Taylor heard a slight rustling without.

Quietly he moved to the door and looked out upon the moonlit scene before it. All was once more silence. Not a suspicious sound could be heard, and he saw nothing which could alarm anyone.

Once more he seated himself—this time, however, upon the rude couch. Again he began to revolve in his mind the chances and the duties before him. Again he decided to stay.

"If I leave now, which way shall I turn? It will be no longer a question of saving little or much—it will be just a new struggle for life, with the chances all against my obtaining another foothold. Here I have made a beginning; I must stand well with the boss, and if I continue to do my duty there is a chance for promotion, an opportunity to rise. I can lay by a thousand dollars in another year, and, with health and good-luck, five years shall see me worth ten thousand dollars, or more. Then they may drive me out and welcome. I can come back as a proprietor and show them all the stuff that I am made of. There is money here, and I shall stay and make it."

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"Then how about that dream?"

This question came flashing into the mind of the young man with a suddenness and distinctness that was actually startling. He did not thrust it away, however, nor did he laugh it down. From the moment the dream came into the plane of consideration it only rendered his thoughts disconnected and his mental condition in chaos.

Like most young men, Charles Taylor had his dream—and it took the shape of Annie. Who Annie was, if the reader cannot guess, makes very little difference for the present, since Taylor did not know himself. To him she was a dream of a fair woman with soft, blue eyes, hair of a deep gold red, long and curling, full lips, red cheeks, tiny hand and foot, and a form rather *petite*; but full and rounded. A lovely, lovable little woman was Annie, so no wonder that he thought of her rather than about her; that when he mentally said "Annie," whir-r-r—away went his brains wool-gathering in a confusing cloud that swashed backwards and forwards before his eyes—more like a wave, in fact, than a cloud. And the murmur of this wave, that seemed like many waves, was "Annie!"

And whilst thus up in the air, the clouds suddenly dropped from under him with a stunning report. Somebody very silently approached the open window and discharged through it a double-barreled gun, loaded, if not to the muzzle, at least with nine buckshot, besides the usual quantity of powder.

The intention seemed to be good, and the charge was certainly heavy enough to blow Mr. Charles Taylor directly and expeditiously to kingdom come.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Overlooking the rocks of Rockport
Desolate, grim, and aloof;
It seems, from this long, low stretch of sands,
Like a giant upon his throne.
A giant-carved out of stone:
And there he stands, forevermore,
Hearing the ocean's deafening roar,
Old ocean's monotones.
There he stands when the fierce suns blaze,
And there in the cold, bleak Winter days—
Forever there, a spectral form
Washed by the waves and beat by the storm.

By night and by day
The waters play
At feet of this giant gray;
Or the storm-king lashes them till they pour
Their briny spray
Against the rocks with an angry roar.
'Tis then, when the tempest rages high,
That over the waves' foam-crested tops
Glimmers afar the one red eye
Of this sullen old Cyclops!

Ah, well for those
Whose duty knows
No higher place than thus to give
Their days to this dull work—to live
Contented on those barren rocks;
To see the waves against them hurled;
To note no wisdom which unlocks
The mighty mysteries of the world.
To feel no thrill, no sudden shocks,
At good report or ill; but day by day
To tread the same restricted way—
The way which knows no turning—
To watch the waves and heavens gray,
And keep the one lamp burning!
Not such their lives as theirs, I hold;
For love, which has the power
To turn a prison's bars to gold,
May gild the lighthouse tower!

M. C.

MILLY'S ENGAGEMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

When I first saw Milly Dorlon she stood leaning against the railing of a Fulton Ferry boat, with her eyes fixed upon the black waters of the East River. An amusingly pretty girl, I thought, as I looked at her and noted the rounded outlines of her figure and the delicate mould of her features. Her plain, black dress, albeit worn and threadbare, was scrupulously neat. The richest of fabric could not set forth her form to better advantage. And I very much doubt whether sealskin and diamonds could have made her one whit prettier than she appeared that Autumn day, leaning on the railing of the ferryboat.

My profession, as will appear in the course of this narrative, is that of a calculator; so that it was natural that I should fall to calculating the possibilities of making the acquaintance of this young lady. They did not present themselves as numerous. Once, to be sure, during the brief voyage from the ferry-slip in Brooklyn to the ferry-slip in New York, she raised her deep-blue eyes, and for a moment their earnest gaze met mine; then the long lashes drooped, and the conscious ness of my steady stare brought a rosier tinge to her cheek. I was in the very act of calculating whether she would raise those wondrous eyes again, when the boat ran into the slip. There was no alternative but to follow the other passengers and make my way through the ferry-house into the street. There I lost sight of Milly Dorlon, and so boarded a Bleecker-street car, calculating the shadowy chances of ever looking into those deep-blue eyes again.

This was on a November day, at about noon—the hour when I was accustomed to travel from my place of habitation, in Johnson street, Brooklyn, to my place of employment, in Morton's Museum, New York. I have hinted already that my profession is that of a calculator; and I may add, by way of specification, that I am the Lightning Calculator. I use the definite article because there have been and are many other lightning calculators. I do not wish to appropriate to myself any of the laurels which these gentlemen may have won. I would not detract nor subtract a unit from their fame. I would seek rather to add to it, and to multiply their triumphs. And while I am upon the subject, to divide my own honors with others, I must still insist upon designating myself as *the* Lightning Calculator.

It is permissible, I take it, for a man who makes his living by ciphering to indulge in occasional figures of speech.

On the particular November day I astonished and delighted the visitors at Morton's Museum, as I have astonished and delighted thousands before and since. It was my custom to give a number of exhibitions, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon and continuing until ten o'clock in the evening. That night, at quarter past ten, I left the museum and reached the ferry in time to take the eleven-o'clock boat. It was a blustering, disagreeable sort of night, and a heavy fog had settled down upon the river. An abiding antipathy towards tobacco smoke induces me generally to seek the ladies' cabin, which I did on that occasion. As I passed through into the forward apartment I noticed, sitting close to the door, the young lady who had been the subject of my calculations during the day—the young lady in the threadbare dress and with the deep-blue eyes. I felt a thrill of pleasure as I recognized her. The possibilities of an acquaintance seemed to multiply themselves amazingly. I sat down directly opposite her, and fell to calculating the arithmetical chances of thus meeting the same person on the same boat twice in the same day, and also the probabilities of ever meeting her again.

While thus engaged, with my eyes fixed steadily, but I trust not disrespectfully, upon her face, the girl suddenly arose and passed out of the cabin on to the forward deck. I was seized with an irresistible impulse to follow her, which I did. The boat was just steaming out of the slip, and so dense had become the fog that the lights on the Brooklyn side of the river were completely hidden from view. Indistinctly in the darkness appeared the form of the young girl, leaning against the railing, as I had first seen her that day. I fancied, although I could not see her face, that she was looking down into the water. Under the shadow of the cabin I was not observed.

In this position we both remained until the boat reached the middle of the river. The wind was now blowing a gale, and the waves were tossing angrily. Why I stood on the deck in the nipping night-air, when I might have taken a seat in the cabin, was something which not even my lightning powers of calculation could determine. But why did the girl stand there? As if in answer to that mental inquiry came a sob—a sob half-suppressed, and yet so full of anguish that it touched my heart. A moment later, I saw the figure of the young girl move towards the edge of the boat. What was she doing? Stepping over the chain! Great God, did she mean to—

I sprang forward and endeavored to seize hold of her. Too late. She had thrown herself headlong into the black waters!

It is well, perhaps, that men are not always able to stop and reflect before they act. Heroism, which is truest where Self is most completely lost sight of, springs oftenest from first thought. Reflection cools the fire of impulse. The hero who hesitates is lost. Which bit of philosophising I have here indulged in because it explains, I think, what I did that night. The instant I saw this unknown girl jump into the East River I threw aside all reflection along with my overcoat, and jumped in after her.

Often since that night I have sought to calculate the chances of death which I incurred. They were numerous enough, at all events. Had not the tide been bearing strongly away from the boat, I must needs have been drawn under the ponderous hulk and dashed to pieces. But the tide, and all things else, appeared to work in my favor. I rose to the surface of the water within two feet of the girl. I threw my left arm about her waist, while with my right I buffeted the waves, at the same time calling aloud for help. The ferryboat had steamed away from us so rapidly that she was lost to view in the dense fog. Whether those on board heard my voice or not, they could render no assistance; and yet I continued to cry out lustily. The water was icy cold, and I felt that my chances of salvation were discouragingly small; yet I kept fast hold of the girl.

Just as my strength was wellnigh exhausted, and at the moment when I had made up my mind that the Lightning Calculator would never again delight and astonish the public, I heard the sharp whistle of a tug sounding within a few feet of where I had drifted. This warmed my benumbed body with a new thrill of hope. I shouted with all the vigor I could muster:

"Help! Help!"

Out of the darkness and above the roar of the waves came a voice, crying:

"Where are you?"

Again I shouted with all my strength. And, while the cry was still on my lips, the tug swung around so that its bow came within two yards of my head.

"Catch hold of this!" shouted the voice.

A rope fell within reach of my hand, and I grasped it with a desperate clutch.

"Keep hold!" said the voice—a piece of advice which I considered altogether superfluous.

With the unknown girl lying insensible in my arms, I was dragged to the side of the tugboat. Then we were both pulled on board. Even at that moment I could not refrain from calculating the benefit which the man had done me who built that tug.

When I next saw Milly Dorlon, she was sitting in an easy-chair, propped up by pillows, her luxuriant hair

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A LITTLE CIRCUS.

Conscious of the fact that a little circus now and then is relished by the wisest men, we will, with your kind indulgence, introduce a brace of sawdust-ring acts. The first shall be an entree—for in what other manner, since circuses were known, has a performance ever been opened? Verily, in none; or, if it has, the innovation is forgotten now, and the good old way alone remains. To begin a circus in any other than this good old way would be like beginning a fairy story in some other form than "Once upon a time." Still, our entree differs somewhat from entrees in general. It is more overwhelmingly magnificent, more dazzling in its Oriental splendor—you see how easily we adopt the tone of the showbills—than was ever before presented. The lady who rides in advance on the milk—Orange County milk—white steed, is robed, as you see, in the trappings of royalty. This is eminently appropriate, because she is a queen beyond question—queen of the arena. Her companion is also of royal blood—king of cannon-ball tossers, according to his own statement, published in the theatrical journals. It may strike the uninitiated as a little odd, but kings and queens are usually obliged to "double up" in this entree business, which makes it less agreeable to them than to the spectators. The intricate evolutions through which the horses go demand a great deal of practice, but of course our kings and queens keep their seats with the utmost ease. While there is nothing exactly novel in the act, it serves as an excellent preliminary for what follows. It is like the clams at a dinner—it whets the appetite for what comes afterwards. And with your permission we will pass on to the next course. This is at once a most thrilling and instructive performance. The thrilling part may be detected at a glance; the instructive comes in by showing to what limits the human muscles may be stretched. We call this our mono-equine act, although some envious rivals have termed it a one-horse act. It consists in placing a noble steed upon a wooden platform—we here seize the opportunity to nail the base falsehood which has been floating about to the effect that the noble steed is also wooden—and in resting this platform upon the shoulders of two modern Samsons. On the back of the horse sits a Grecian figure—he is a Greek from Syracuse, N. Y.—and this combined weight of man and beast is supported by the Samsons with perfect ease. So confident are we of the impossibility of anybody's duplicating this act that we will cheerfully pay $500,000 to the person who will produce it as we do. In making this liberal offer it must be understood that we shall demand not only the duplicates of the Samsons, the platform and the Greek from Syracuse, but also of the horse. Therein lies our safety. We are perfectly sure that there is no other horse in the world. The man who is directly responsible for his existence—in other words, the artist who drew him—can never repeat his effort. The like of this horse will not be seen again in this world—and that is why we magnanimously offer the $500,000.

WHEN THE FLOWERS WAKE AT MORN.

DEDICATED TO ROLLIN HOWARD, BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

A COMPANION SONG TO MR. HOWARD'S LATE PRODUCTION, "WHEN THE FLOWERS FALL ASLEEP."

When the slanting golden sunbeams,
Touched the dew-kissed flowers of earth,
When perfume lingers gently
Round the roses newly born,
Then we know their slumber's over,
And the charm of sleep is broke—
Pretty, dew-kissed, budding flowers,
From sweet slumber have awoke.
Chorus.—Bursting petals, budding, blooming,
Dreary roadsides they adorn,
From sweet slumber come to cheer us
When the flowers wake at morn.

First the gentle zephyrs, coming,
Seek their blushing cheeks with bliss,
And they bear away sweet perfume
With their early matin kiss;
Then away the gentle zephyrs
Fly with ecstacy and pride,
Stirring sweets from morning kisses
'Till has come the eventide.
Chorus.—Bursting petals, budding, blooming,
Dreary roadsides they adorn,
From sweet slumber come to cheer us
When the flowers wake at morn.

BURNT-CORK PASTIMES.

WRITTEN BY HARRY S. SARGENT.

AND INSCRIBED TO CHARLES W. GUILD, B. P. OF LOWELL, MASS.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Bones, I understand you've opened a law-office.

BONES.—Yes, on B—— street, seven flights up, formerly used as an observatory.

TAMBO (aside).—Vacated on account of smallpox.

INT.—How are your charges—moderate?

TAMBO.—Whiskey straight seven times a day, one for each flight.

INT. (to Tambo)—I'm not speaking to you. (To Bones) How are your terms—high?

BONES.—Oh, yes; the very highest.

TAMBO.—To correspond with the location.

BONES.—Look here—what do you know about it?

TAMBO.—What do *I* know about it? I know after any man packs up seven flights of stairs he aint got life enough to refuse any terms. All you got to do is to go through him and take all he's got. That's the reason you elevated your business.

INT. (to Bones)—Don't take any notice of him—he's crazy. By-the-way, are you having many callers nowadays?

BONES.—No, not a great many. I had more yesterday than I've had for some time.

INT.—How was that?

BONES.—Well, you see, I advertised for a clerk, and the first man that answered was a billposter. I tell you he was a *big stinger*. He *brushed* in early one morning, and, after *programming* 'round the room, he *boarded* a chair and *pasted* himself down. He said his name was Bill. He had on a black coat, a red vest, and blue pants; therefore I took him for a *bill* in three colors. I asked him where he'd worked last, and he told me he hadn't done much of anything for a month or two in Sanger Round gun-mills. I told him I didn't think he'd suit, and he left.

TAMBO (aside).—About a barrel of mud behind him.

BONES.—In about ten minutes in *comb* a barber. He entered all of a *lather*, and said he'd just give his boss a *strapping* and just fired out. He said he'd just got *shaved* of all his money, and would like to make a stake somewhere, and wanted to know if I knew where he could *raise-'er*. It looked to me as though he was making a *cut* to borrow a dollar, and, as I didn't like the looks of his *mug*, I told him he'd better *oil* up and git.

INT.—Then you didn't have very good success in hiring a clerk?

BONES.—No, sir; I couldn't find a man that suited me.

INT.—What kind of a clerk do you think I'd make?

BONES.—Well, I think you'd make a *middling* good one.

TAMBO.—What kind of a one do you think *I'd* make?

BONES.—Oh, you'd make a good one to fall upon.

TAMBO.—How do you make that out?

BONES.—Because, after they'd hired you, 'twould be

THE END.

THE LIVELY TWINS-SONG-AND-DANCE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHNSON AND BRUNO,

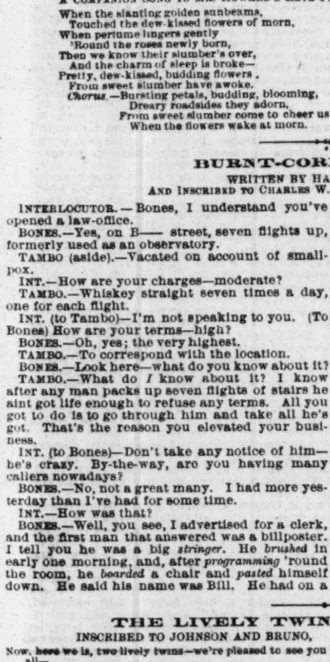
BY OSCAR H. KENNEDY.

Now, here we is, two lively twins—we're pleased to see you all—
De tall, de short, de young and old, de ladies, great and small;
We can spin aroun' upon our head and nebber wink a tear,
Put our toes aroun' our neck, and slide off on our ear.
Chorus.
Oh, white folks, look at dis (*sympha.*)—say, won't you look at dat? (*sympha.*)
For we prance and dance from morn till night, an' really do declar'
We's as happy as ballconatics a-sailing in de air,
For our legs is made of whalebone, an' we'll show you, berry soon,
We're smart enuff to go alone an' kick up to de moon.
Old daddy red, de udder day: "You boys mus' go to school,
'Cause you don't do nuffin all de day but sing and play de fool;"
So to school we went. De teacher see: "Hyar, boys, lets stop dat play;"
And when he'd go to whip us, why, dis am what we'd say:
Chorus.
"Oh, teacher, look at dis (*sympha.*); now, will you look at dat?" (*sympha.*) etc.

Dear old mammy see we plagues her now, for certain, mos' to deff—
De way we cuts and carries on it takes away her breff;
And when daddy prays at meetin' dat de Marster 'give his sins,
He always prays he'll nebber send no more such lively twins.
Chorus.
Oh, white folks, look at dis! (*sympha.*) Say, won't you look at dat? (*sympha.*)

San Jose, Cal.

A DUSKY STAR.



You will be sure to recognize this figure so readily that any introduction is perhaps unnecessary. Still, our negro performer, like all the other attractions of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, is no base imitator of somebody else, but pre-eminently and strikingly original. He appears, just now, in the combined character of a song-and-dance man, a tambourine-player, and an expounder of the essence of "Ole Virginny." You will perceive that his make-up is strictly in accord with the accepted idea of the stage-negro. He wears the inevitable three-story collar, the vest of wonderful pattern, and the big shoes. Moreover, his wig is sufficiently unlike any real negro's wool to make it a thing of joy to the burnt-cork artist. Precisely how the stage-negro developed into his present proportions would be difficult to explain. His very origin is more or less shrouded in mystery. The one thing about him which admits of no doubt is that he is an admirable representative of a type of the African which never existed. In this respect he bears a family resemblance to the sailor, the clergyman and the reporter of the stage. The first of these, albeit he wears extremely wide trousers and says "Shiver my timbers!" with amazing frequency, can never rid himself of an unmistakable fresh-water odor. Neither can the histrionic minister dispel the suspicion that under his gray wig there is an abundant head of hair; while as for the stage-reporter—it may be set down as an indisputable fact that he is the only representative of that class who was ever known to travel about the streets with an open note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other. However, if our acrobatic tambourine-player does not faithfully hold up the mirror to African nature, he is still amusing in himself—so amusing that, according to the bills, we pay him two hundred dollars a week. We are glad to find that we are so liberal.

THE PRETTY NURSE-GIRL.

DEDICATED TO HARRY MONTAGUE, BY ARCHIE LEVY AND CHARLES KEILUS.

I'll sing of the fairest, the dearest, the rarest
Young maiden that ever walked out near the moon;
Her smiles are the sweetest, her form is the neatest,
That ever was met with from July to June.
Her mild eye is brighter, her soft step is lighter,
Than daughter of blue-blooded marquis or earl—
A form fair as Hebe, Diana or Thebe,
Has my own precious darling, the pretty nurse-girl.

As lithe as the fawn is, as nimble as the dawn is,
When warblers are winging the ambient air—
Their merry notes trilling, the wild woodland filling,
Are not half so thrilling as my own little dear.

Sweet as the nightingale's down in the dusky dales,
Her lips rival rosebuds, her teeth shame the pearl;
What language could say all, what art could betray all,
The charms of my darling, my pretty nurse-girl.
When the tip of her fingers for one moment lingers
In yours, then what wonder electrical thrills
Are felt sympathetic, transporting, magnetic,
And soon all your being with ecstacy fills.
She's modest and dutiful, shy as she's beautiful,
Whichery lurks in each gray, dancing curl;
Then sing long may she, be as lovely as Hebe,
My own little beauty, the pretty nurse-girl.

San Francisco, Cal., November, 1878.

CONCERTS AND SIDESHOWS IN THIS CITY FROM 116 TO 139 YEARS AGO.

A contributor sends us copies of a number of advertisements which appeared in local newspapers about the period named above. The pantomime referred to in the first advertisement was probably performed by marionettes. The "optick" alluded to consisted of views of cities painted on canvas, and viewed through a large lens or magnifying glass placed in a partition a few feet distant in front of them. It will be noticed in the third advertisement (1753) that the "Female Sampson" performed many feats of strength which are still popular at the present day. Feats upon the tight and slack rope were also given. Mr. Dugee, while performing on the slack-wire, balanced a coach-wheel. In the last advertisement contortion feats were announced to be given, the performer being designated as a "posture-master boy."

To-morrow, being Wednesday, the 20th of February, will be performed in Mr. Holt's Long Room the new pantomime entertainment in grotesque character called "The Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch, or the Spaniard Trick'd," to which will be added an opstick, wherein will be represented in perspective several of the most noted cities and remarkable places in Europe and America, with a new prologue and epilogue addressed to the town, to begin precisely at 6 o'clock.

Tickets to be had at Mr. Holt's at five shillings each. This is the last time it will be acted.—*N. Y. Gazette*, February 20, 1739.

This week by Punch's Company of Comedians will be acted "The Norfolk Tradedy, or the Babes in the Woods," to conclude with entertainments of men and women.

N. B.—On Thursday next, I desire to give a Benefit Night and likewise the Day to see the Waxworks for to relieve some of the Poor Prisoners in the City Hall. Those Gentlemen and Ladies that will be so charitable to favor me with their Good Company will much oblige their humble servant. JAMES WYATT.

Tickets to be had at Mr. Ramsay's, at Mr. Lepper's and at Mr. Griswold's. Price, two shillings each ticket.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy*, Oct. 30, 1749.

BY PERMISSION.

This evening, being Monday, the 17th instant, will be exhibited for the benefit of the poor prisoners now under confinement in the City Hall (in this city), at the usual place, by Anthony Joseph Dugee, the young Indian and little negro boy! the accustomed surprising and entertaining performances on the stiff rope and slack wire (scarcely perceptible), together with usual equilibries on the chains and pins, as well by the black as the Indian boy; after which the company will be agreeably entertained with the wonderful feats of strength and activity of MRS. DUGEE, which has given so much satisfaction to her Royal Highness, the Princess Dowager of Wales; and the Royal Family of Great Britain, that they were pleased to call her the Female Sampson. Her performances are as follows: 1. She lies with her body extended between two chairs, and bears an anvil of 300lb on her breast, and will suffer two men to strike on it with sledge-hammers. 2. She will bear six men to stand on her breast, lying in the same position. 3. She will lift the above anvil by the hair of her head. 4. She will suffer a stone of 70lb to lye on her breast and throw it off six feet from her. 5. She bears a bar of iron to be broken on her breast. In particular Mr. Dugee will balance a coach wheel on the wire.

The whole to conclude with a dance called "The Drunken Peasant."

Doors open at 6 o'clock, and to begin precisely at 7.—*N. Y. Mercury*, Sept. 17, 1753.

This is to give notice to all gentlemen and ladies, and lovers and encouragers of musick, that this day will be opened by Messrs. Leonard & Dneural, Musick Masters of this city, at Mr. Burns' Room, near the Rattery, a publick and weekly concert of musick. Tickets four shillings.

N. B.—The concert to begin exactly at 8 o'clock and end at 10 on account of the coolness of the evening. Nobody will be admitted without tickets, and no money will be taken at the door.—*Parker's Post Boy*, May 27, 1762.

To be seen at the house of Mr. Hamilton Hewston at the sign of the Spread Eagle, White Hall Slip, Punch's Opera "Bateman, or the Unhappy Marriage," with a fine dialocue between Punch and his wife Joan, acted by a set of lively figures from Philadelphia.

Also a most curious posture-master boy late from Dublin, who performs with the utmost dexterity and surprising posture, transforming himself into a great number of various shapes, together with a great variety of tumbling, exceeding pleasant and diverting, and many other curiosities too tedious to mention, by RICHARD MOSERT.

Tickets to be had at any time at 2s. 6d., 3s., at 10d., or at 1s., according to situation. To begin exactly at 7 o'clock.—*New York, August 31, 1767.*

FREDERICK GYE

died in London, Eng., Dec. 4, from injuries received some days previously by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting near Oxford. Mr. Gye had been sole director of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, for many years, and had risen to that position literally from nothing. He had charge of the lights at the Julien concerts some forty years ago, and was actually styled a lamplighter. Notwithstanding this humble position, he contrived to always have a sufficient amount of money on hand to help Julien out of his numerous financial difficulties, and this so won that celebrated musician's confidence that at length Mr. Gye became his manager. In 1821 Vauxhall Gardens, London, Eng., were sold for £28,000 to Messrs. Bish, Gye and Hughes, representatives of the London Wine Company, who held possession of it until 1840. In 1836 Mr. Gye introduced the Ravel Family there. After these Gardens were swept out of existence, in 1859, by Parliament, a number of streets were opened through their site, and one of them was named after Mr. Gye, which will continue to remind Londoners that the old proprietor had some claim to their regard. Among this impresario's early attempts at management, he became the acting-manager for Mr. Beale and Miss Persiani, just after a remarkable secession of artists had occurred from Her Majesty's Opera Company, and during his experience then he had ample opportunity to see what fortunes were lost and won in the endeavor to furnish London with good operatic music. Mr. Delafield, a great brewer, is said to have lost £50,000 in a single season at that time. In 1845, after he had been in management for himself for some time, he achieved his first real success by reducing salaries generally and curtailing all superfluous expenditures. That being the year of the great Exhibition, many strangers visited London, and money rolled into his coffers. In 1856 Covent-garden Theatre was burned, and Mr. Gye had a hard time of it; but, having numerous friends among the nobility and wealthy merchants of London, he caused that theatre to be rebuilt, and it was opened in 1858. He was, however, trammeled with a heavy mortgage—£153,000—upon the new theatre, but during several succeeding years was enabled to pay the interest regularly, besides laying aside for himself a respectable fortune. During the past five years Mr. Gye learned to his cost that the London public were quite fickle as to continued operatic success, and the theatre did not pay well as an investment. The interest on the mortgage has not been paid during that time, and the builder, Mr. Lucas, has held in lieu thereof three boxes on the principal tier, which have yielded him a handsome income. Mr. Gye's wife died last year, and his surviving family consists of one daughter and four sons—Ernest, the husband of Albani; Lionel, who is in the Royal Artillery; Percy, a member of the London bar; and Henry, who is in the Royal Navy.

FOREIGN STAGE NOVELTIES.

"LES NOCES DE FERNANDE," a comic opera, in three acts, words by Victorien Sardou and M. De Najac, music by M. Deffes, has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, France, and is thus described: "The scene is laid in Spain. Don Henrique, a fine gentleman of the Court, is about to wed Fernande, and the night before their marriage, when about to serenade her under her balcony, he finds two other personages also singing most complimentary couplets to his lady-love. One of these is Don Henrique's cousin and unsuccessful rival, Don Arrias, and the other is the King's son. A duel naturally arises out of this meeting, and the Prince is slightly wounded by Don Henrique, who is prevented thereby, however, from marrying Fernande. For the convenience of the authors, an article is discovered in the Spanish code by virtue of which any husband who wounds an Infant is condemned to see his marriage declared null and void; so that the evening of his wedding Don Henrique is banished, and Fernande is shut up in a convent, from which, in the absence to account by concealing himself in the young widow's chamber. This may seem improbable, but, like all convents in comic operas, this one in Spain is one of the most accessible buildings in the country. Don Henrique finds no obstacle to entering it, neither does the Infant, but the latter gains admission in womanly guise, Cinchinella, the pastrycook, who passes for his tutor, who is also disguised in female costume. The Infant, like a generous youth as he is, is bent on joining Henrique and Fernande in holy matrimony again, when, as stated, the young lady's character is hopelessly compromised by Arrias being publicly discovered in her chamber. The plotting villain then proposes to the Infant, as the quickest cure for love, that he better marry him, and to this she agrees. In the third act, therefore, we find them married, though not yet quite husband and wife. The series of accidents that occur to deprive Arrias of happiness would take too long to recount in detail, and are too absurd to merit recital. They culminate, however, in the appearance of the real Prince, disguised this time as a sheriff's officer, and attended by a posse of bailiffs, who come to seize the house with its contents on some ridiculous pretext, and Arrias finds himself turned out of doors. In the end Don Henrique, whose pardon the Infant has obtained from his royal father, is reunited to Fernande, and the curtain happily falls on this farrago of nonsensicality."

"THE SLAVE-HUNTER, OR THE HALF-CASTE," is the title of a sensational two-act drama by W. Waldron, produced at the Britannia Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 18. The plot is as follows: "Henry Wentworth is a half-caste, who, having escaped from the horrors of slavery on a Southern plantation, has married and won for himself a good position in New Orleans, where, however, he is followed by an adventurer, one Jabez Snider, who, knowing that Wentworth is still liable to be taken back to slavery, trades upon that fact, and obtains great ascendency over the unfortunate hero, who is anxious to keep the dreadful secret from his young wife at any cost. Wentworth buys the fellow's silence for a time, but he persists in coming to the house to dinner, and joins the family party, disgusting everybody who comes in contact with him by his coarse brutality of his manners, and his uncouth habits and vulgar conversation. Mrs. Wentworth discovers the cause of her husband's agitation, and is also greatly disturbed herself by the attentions of Mandeville, a friend of her husband, who strives to awaken her jealousy, while at the same time he persecutes her with immoral advances. The husband, passionately denouncing Mandeville, is horror-struck to find that he is actually the slave of this vicious man, and between Mandeville and Snider, the one wanting his wife and the other his money, the unfortunate hero has a bad time, but escapes their clutches for a brief period by exchanging clothes with a British sailor, Tom Tough, who makes infinite fun by blending the sea-way-sailed coat and opera-hat of a modern swell with his nautical togs. There are other exciting adventures, in which an Irish lass, Nelly True, has a prominent share—so prominent, indeed, that in one scene she is seen with a pistol in each hand confronting the would-be seducer, Mandeville, on behalf of her mistress, and defending her master with the other pistol from the slave-hunter. Given a warm-hearted Irish girl well acted, and in such a situation as we have described, it is not difficult to conceive that a Britannia audience would heartily appreciate and applaud enthusiastically. However, the sorrows of the hero are not ended yet, for his enemies catch him after all, and he is seen heavily loaded with chains in prison. But his good friend, the ubiquitous British sailor, aided by an eccentric Yankee, one Niagara Spoon, effects an entrance to the prison just in the nick of time to save him. After a host of adventures by flood and field, Harry Wentworth, who seems to have as many lives as a cat, and who is pistol and dagger proof, is rescued from the villains who would enslave him. Mandeville, after having been compelled to sign the declaration of Wentworth's freedom with a pistol at his ear, is at length comfortably shot and his wretched career ended for good and all, while the slave-hunter is conveniently knocked on the head as he attempts to cross a picturesque bridge, falls into the stream, and we hear no more of this worthy."

It was interpreted by J. B. Howe as Wentworth, E. Drayton as Mandeville, T. Hyde as Snider, Miss B. Adams as Nelly, and Mrs. Bellaire as Mrs. Wentworth.

"AN HONEST MAN," a one-act drama by Henry Pettitt, was first witnessed at the Surrey Theatre, London, Nov. 16, and the story is thus told: "It has been arranged between a rascally old lawyer named Pike and an unscrupulous young fellow who is nephew of the squire of the district to rob Frank Staunton, the squire's son, of his inheritance. In his first will the squire has decided that if Frank should marry in opposition to his desires his inheritance shall go to the nephew. In his last moments the old man has relented, and has made a second will. This the lawyer, knowing or suspecting that Frank has contracted a marriage with a certain Lucy Winter, keeps back, and, acting with the nephew upon the contents of the first, denies the rights of the lawful heir to the property. Frank has exacted from his wife a promise to keep their marriage a secret, and, with it by the scoundrels, he is even tempted to deny that he is married; but the manly, loving words of Lucy's father strike home, and he is ready to acknowledge her before all the world, no matter what the cost. Now, it happens that the old lawyer has a son named Bob. This son, who has been a witness to the second will, is desperately in love with Lucy's sister Polly, who, knowing the character of his father, promises to bestow upon him her hand and heart only on condition that he shall prove himself an honest man. It will be, then, readily guessed that Bob is the *deus ex machina* to relieve Frank of all his troubles. He comes forward with the second will, which he has abstracted from his father's safe, and, notwithstanding that father's chidings, he is proud of his action, and as an honest man finds his reward in the favor of the little lady upon whom he has set his affections."

CALIFORNIA'S CHAMPION SWIMMER.—We find the following in *The* (San Francisco) *Spirit of the Times*: "W. H. Daily, the champion swimmer of the coast, being the champion married man of this coast. In 1876 he married a Miss Shenan. She made it so hot for him that he attempted to seek pastures new through the San Francisco divorce court. On the 5th of October he was informed that the Judge had signed the decree of divorce. Without delay he married a Miss Clark. Shortly afterwards the Court set aside the decree of divorce. Daily was then a much married man. The Judge annulled the second marriage, leaving Daily the husband of wife No. 1."

REWARD OF MERIT.—Mark Addy, the Manchester, Eng., sculler, who has saved thirty-seven persons from drowning, recently received a letter from Lord Brownfield, which read as follows: "The attention of the sovereign having been called to the repeated acts of heroism performed by you in saving, at the risk of your own life, the lives of many of Her Majesty's subjects from drowning in the river Irwell, I have the gratification to inform you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer on you, in recognition of your gallantry and daring, the honor and distinction of the Albert Medal of the First Class."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, says *The* (English) *Bicycling Times*, "has been successfully applied to a bicycle. The motor is the hind wheel of the machine, and the apparatus is a small, ordinary magneto electric machine with rotary magnet, aided by a small pocket battery. The machine is propelled by a train of wheels worked by the front wheel of the bicycle, the competitor being on one inch per hour. The apparatus takes up about the room of a small valise, and costs in all about twenty-five dollars. The light is equal to 120 candles, and it lights up the road thoroughly for 300yds. ahead on a dark night."

BASEBALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1878.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Professional ball-playing has come to be a regular business, and as such, in order to be successful, it has to be run on business principles. The first essential of a successful business-man is integrity of character, and the first requisite of a successful professional baseball organization is that all of its officers and players shall be honest men. Given this primary element of honest work and service in a club, and there will be but little grumbling on the part of a club's supporters if it should happen to fall at the end of the season in reaching the coveted goal of the championship. But once let a suspicion of inward "crookedness" enter a club team or a professional club association, and you may bid good-bye to any financial success it may aim at, as much as you will have to do in such case in regard to a creditable reputation. Of what use are professional associations—like the League and International—unless they have at a point to insure thorough integrity of play in the clubs they respectively control? The moment they fail in this vital point of their organization, they cease to have influence with the public, and become obnoxious to the interests of the special class they represent. This has been the experience of the past ten years. The original National Association conserved the interests of the game until it came to be controlled by a corrupt class, when it inconinently ceased to exist. The Professional National Association, which followed it, did good service in the cause of baseball-playing until it, too, came under the blighting influence of the pool-ring crowd. Since then the League Association, though narrowing its sphere of usefulness by its tendency to become a close corporation and a monopoly, has been useful in presenting a barrier to the growth of the evils connected with professional play. The International Association, which sprang into existence from the want of an institution wide enough in its sphere of operations to control the entire professional class, was last season greatly weakened by its playing fast and loose with the question of supporting honest play. But by this time the blunder of a lack of unanimity in any professional association on this vital question has been too plainly seen to be likely to be repeated, and therein the past season's experience in this regard will be ultimately beneficial in its results.

During 1878 honest play in the professional arena was the rule, and not the exception. There was no just cause for any action in expelling "crooked" players from League nines, as there was in 1877; and, though there were several club expulsions during the season, they were entirely for the comparatively venial offenses of inebriety and violation of contract service. And just here we beg to enter our protest against the brutal injustice of applying the same penalty for minor offenses that is inflicted for that worst of all evils of professional play—"crooked" work. At the recent League Convention Hall and Nolan applied for reinstatement, but both requests were denied. As we said before, the experience of the past season in respect to these important matters of professional class legislation should have plainly pointed out the course for the existing professional association to pursue. In one respect the League has endorsed the policy of honesty by refusing to recognize players who have either lost their character or have the taint of a just suspicion upon them. Let us see how far the International Association will follow the right path so plainly pointed out by the experience of professional-association legislation during 1878.

The League Season of 1878.

Once more the Boston Club has won the League championship. A feature of the past season's play in the League arena was that the competing club teams were more evenly matched than ever before. So far as the individual playing strength of each team was concerned, it was almost a toss-up at the start as to which would win. True, the veterans of the organization had the advantage of prestige, but the new teams were strong enough to largely offset this advantage. It was not long, however, before the inherent weakness and strength of each team began to manifest themselves, and then it was that the real essentials of success began to push the clubs which possessed them most towards a winning position. During May it was up-hill work for Boston, as Cincinnati led off in the race with a spurt. In June and July, too, the Eastern clubs found the Western teams well up in the van; but as the Summer passed along the inherent weakness of both the Cincinnati and the Chicago Club began to be developed, and then it was that the Bostons—working finely in harness together—began to go to the front. Boston, this season, has constantly been the made change of base, unloaded itself of material which was impeding its speed, and began a rally for the lead which eventually took the team up to second position. Just at the same time, too, the "boss" influence of the Chicago management was developed to an extent which proved detrimental to its progress in the pennant race, and a sad falling-off in the record was the result. Then the Providence Club made some advantageous changes in its field force, and, coming up with Chicago, ran ahead sufficiently to ultimately secure third place. Lack of proper discipline, too, had by this time so weakened the Indianapolis nine that it had got down to fifth place; while Milwaukee, with a divided management, had to be content with a seat at the foot of the League class. But what are the lessons taught by the past season's playing in the League arena, outside the questions of honest play and good management? One lesson is that the policy of selecting players solely by their record, as shown in the season's batting and fielding averages, is an unsound one. If the past season's play has taught any one lesson more prominently than another, it is that a player's batting average should be the last thing thought of in the estimate of his requisite qualifications as a player, his integrity of character, his temper, disposition and habits, and his playing skill being the three great essentials to be considered. The proof of this fact is found in the story told by the statistics of the season's play of the six League clubs. In fielding, Boston stands in the front and Milwaukee nearly the last, while in batting almost the reverse position is the case. The figures of 1878, in fact, "knock spots" out of the splendid batting-average theory of our Western newspaper brethren. We told the fraternity years ago what we tell them now, and what the figures of 1878 plainly indicate, and that is that it is skillful fielding which wins in the long run. It is natural that it should be so. Here, we'll say, are two nines, one composed of strong muscular men who are almost novices in fielding, but are heavy and hard hitters at the bat, the other nine being very light in batting, but excellent fielders. Any muffer can send a ball, pitched straight to him to hit, out of reach of outfielders and for a home-run, and thereby score runs; but all this advantage is offset by the lack of fielding skill in preventing runs being scored on single hits for one base. However, in view of statistical facts, it is unnecessary to argue the question; suffice it to say that the season's work of 1878 fully establishes the soundness of THE CLIPPER theory that "*it is fielding that wins.*" The success of the Boston nine the past season points out two other important facts which should profit club managers for future work; and these are: first, the importance of insisting upon the system of "playing for the side" being practically carried out in every match; and, secondly, that of requiring players to be well posted in the art of running bases. A professional player may have the power to pitch swiftly and to curve a ball at will, and the skill to fill the pitcher's position effectively; but if he has not the keen perception, the quick judgment, the steady nerve and the activity and promptness of movement essential to successful base-running, he lacks one-third, if not one-half, of the requisites of a first-class player. Quick temper in players has, the past season, proved a serious drawback to a team's success. In a manager it is death to his success, as it is in a captain. A man who cannot control himself is not fitted to govern others. We frequently have questions sent us wishing to know which one of two or more named nines is the strongest. In most cases it is impossible to answer the question, because the teams named are chosen entirely on the basis of their playing strength, and without the least regard to their fitness or temper—or control of temper, rather—and disposition to play together. This is another thing in the business of professional-club management which the past season's experience gives as an important lesson. But we must defer to another article further discussion on the questions involved in a review of the season's play.

THE ALBANY CLUB.

The professional club of the State capital, though organized late in July last, passed through the season with a creditable fielding record, as the statistics given below show. Out of forty odd games they won thirty. The record for 1878 is as follows:

GAMES WON.

Aug. 14, Albany vs. Pittsfield	3 to 2
Aug. 19, Albany vs. Pittsfield (13 innings)	4 7
Aug. 22, Albany vs. Haymaker	6 4
Aug. 24, Albany vs. Hudson	8 1
Aug. 27, Albany vs. Star	5 3
Aug. 29, Albany vs. Haymaker	6 0
Aug. 30, Albany vs. Stottsville	15 4
Aug. 31, Albany vs. Haymaker	5 3
Sept. 3, Albany vs. Holyoke	16 0
Sept. 13, Albany vs. Hudson (6 innings)	2 1
Sept. 14, Albany vs. New Bedford (12 innings)	2 1
Sept. 17, Albany vs. Manchester	2 0
Sept. 18, Albany vs. Utica	17 3
Sept. 19, Albany vs. Haymaker	6 3
Sept. 20, Albany vs. Haymaker	8 6
Sept. 21, Albany vs. Hudson	14 2
Sept. 24, Albany vs. Boston (8 innings)	4 1
Sept. 25, Albany vs. Haymaker	7 5
Sept. 26, Albany vs. Lowell	14 3
Sept. 27, Albany vs. Springfield	3 0
Sept. 28, Albany vs. Buffalo	3 0
Sept. 30, Albany vs. Manchester	8 2
Oct. 2, Albany vs. Utica	8 0
Oct. 3, Albany vs. Haymaker (6 innings)	11 1
Oct. 4, Albany vs. Star	10 6
Oct. 5, Albany vs. Lowell	18 2
Oct. 8, Albany vs. Buffalo	7 3
Oct. 11, Albany vs. New Bedford	4 3
Oct. 12, Albany vs. New Bedford	15 3
Oct. 17, Albany vs. Manchester	6 5
Totals	340 65

TIE GAME

Oct. 15, Albany vs. Boston (7 innings)	0 0

GAMES LOST.

Aug. 20, Albany vs. New Bedford	4 10
Aug. 23, Albany vs. Hudson	1 7
Sept. 4, Albany vs. New Bedford	2 3
Sept. 5, Albany vs. Utica	0 8
Sept. 6, Albany vs. Worcester	3 11
Sept. 10, Albany vs. Worcester	2 3
Sept. 11, Albany vs. Star	5 7
Oct. 10, Albany vs. Providence	1 2
Oct. 16, Albany vs. Boston	1 11
Oct. 21, Albany vs. Providence	2 5
Totals	20 70

Their best game was the twelve-innings contest with the New Bedfords Sept. 14, won by 3 to 1.

	FIELDING — Per ct.	Chances Accepted.	BATTING Per ct. B. H. to T. B.	Games.
Burns, 3d b	.935	354	.354	40
Dunlap, 2d b	.934	309	.311	40
Hankon, l. f	.926	236	.357	40
Tobin, 1st b	.926	916	.311	40
Quinlan, c. f	.917	344	.289	40
Manning, c	.907	297	.275	40
Say, s. s	.859	339	.313	40
Keefe, r. f	.841	73	.271	40
Critchley, p	.833	264	.303	40
Pond, 1st b	.833	224	.289	40
Muldoon, c. f	.815	81	.271	40
Fisher, l. f	.808	63	.313	40

Barnie, Dixon and Cummings all had a good average, but did not play ten games. The batting record is of those who took part in more than ten games. The general average is very high, Hanlon leading.

PLAY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

On Nov. 30 two nines composed of members of the New Hampshire Club played a game at Port Royal, S. C., with this result:

First Nine.	R.	PO.	Second Nine.	R.	PO.
Howlin, 3d b	2	3	Sanders, 3d b	0	4
Campbell, p	3	3	Brennan, p	1	2
Finnegan, c	3	2	Welsh, c	2	7
Redfern, 2d b	3	3	Fowley, 1st b	2	9
Keenan, 1st b	1	1	Martarit, 1st b	2	0
Cunneen, r. f	1	4	Thompson, r. f	4	0
Hall, l. f	0	0	Gammett, l. f	0	3
Grimboro, c. f	2	2	Logan, c. f	0	0
Hedenger, s. s	4	0	O'Bourke, s. s	2	7
Totals	24	21	Totals	13	21

Umpire, J. R. Caverly. Time, 2h.

ATHLETIC.

THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.

In our past issue we gave the progress during the past two days of the six-days' bicycle tournament which commenced at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., on Monday, Nov. 18, shortly after 6 A. M., competitors to ride eighteen hours per day, or up to 12 o'clock P. M. We now give particulars of the riding from the time of commencing the third day's journey up to 11.15 o'clock on the fifth day, the account being reproduced from *The Sporting Life*:

Cann's score at twelve o'clock on Tuesday was 423 miles 1 lap, 28 miles in front of Edlin; Andrews was third, with 369 miles; Stanton, fourth (352 miles); and Lees, fifth (290 miles). As the clock chimed the hour (six o'clock on Wednesday morning, Cann and Edlin were dispatched. Terront (308 miles 4½ laps) started at 6h. 5m. 32s., Higham at 6h. 20m., Andrews at 6h. 30m., Stanton at 7h. 14m. 8s., Lees at 7h. 40m. 30s. The first to leave the track was Stanton, who halted at 7h. 39m., and he did not reappear until he had had about 12 hours' rest. Cann and Edlin only wasted about ten minutes for breakfast, but the others made several stoppages before noon, when the score stood: Cann, 482 miles; Edlin, 456 miles 5 laps; Andrews, 434 miles; Lees, 402 miles 1 lap; Terront, 370 miles; Higham, 358 miles 7 laps; Stanton, 357 miles ½ lap; Evans, 336 miles 1 lap. Some of the outside division indulged in a little racing, but Cann and Edlin rode steadily, changing places with each other, first one and then the other making the pace. During the afternoon, however, Lees (who under David Broad's care rallied wonderfully) tried hard to secure third place before dinner, and "Tommy"

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

AS A STARTED REVOLVER, plainly seen, must be notified for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending D. T. H., MONDAY, Dec. 9.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mlle.(of London, Eng.)
Amse, L. A. Pauline
Allen, Mrs. H. T.
Arnold, Ella
Aroher, Lottie
Adams, Loulia
Alexander, Louisa (of Perley's Co.)
Annette, Mlle.
Banks, Carlotta
Burritt, Florence
Boyd, Anna (late of Leslie Co.)
Beckingham, Fannie L.
Beaumont, Nellie
Beeby, Kate
Brooks, Mrs. Cecile
Booth, Mrs. Lydia E. A.
Bailey, Julia
Belmont, Miss L. 16c.
Crayton, Gussie
Carey, Annie Louise
Cannon, Mrs. May
Charis, Rose
Coleman, Mrs. D.
Carnissa, Miss
Crabtree, Mrs. J. A
Cooper, Mrs. E. T.
Cirns, May
Clark, Lillian C.
De Witt, Minnie
De Lange, Minnie (2)
Daly, Lizzie (late of Keller's Wint. Gard.)
Dixon, Sancha
Drayton, Mrs. Hector
De Forrest, Leonie
Dupont, Mrs. Kate
Wentworth's Min.
D'Erico, Rose
Duffield, Mrs. Fred
De Lisle, Maude
Davenport, Fannie (of Bos., Newark, &c.)
Dorsad, Mlle.
Elbert, Kate (of R. Howard's Co.)
Eytinge, Rose (actress)
Francis, Fannie
Fox, May
Florence, Gertie
Foye, Miss (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Franks, Flora
Freeman, Helen
Grey, Miss M.
Greenwall, Sadie
Gilmore, Fannie
Gillette, Florence
Howe, Lillie
Hudson, Eliza (of Big's Co.)
Howitt, Belle
Hamilton, Dollie
Howard, Lillie (vocalist)
Hunter, Lu-lu
Haslam, Hulda
Irwin Sisters
Jordan, Alecia
Jeal, Linda (3)
Johnson, Addie
Kent, Mrs Chas (of Kendall's Co.)
Keen, Mrs. P. E.
Keith, Mrs. Wm. H.
Lindsay, Jennie
Leontine, Mlle.
Leigh, Georgia
Lyngwood, Ada
LaMonte, Allie
Latournaire, Mlle. (3)
Marshall, Florence (of Eugenie's Blonds)
Maim-bury, Mrs. Emma
Nelson, Sara (p. o. m. Glasgow, Scot.)
Nelson, Mlle. (p. o. m. Melksham, Eng.)
Nelson, Sara
Nichols, Blanche
Oxley, Mrs. Amy
Pascoe, Marie
Pennoyer, Kate
Parker, Kittie
Paul, Mrs. Joseph
Price, Lillie
Pomeroy, Louise M.
Palmer, Emma
Prescott, Marie (2)
Richmond Sisters (2)
Richings, Bernard
Mrs. Caroline (3)
Robeson, Erba
Somers, Alice
Springer, Theresa A Alfred
St. Clair, Jennie
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Smith, Mrs. Hattie
Selwyn, Blanche
Shelman Sisters
St. Maur Sisters
Smith, Allie (p. o. m. Edinburgh, Scot.)
Slocum, Mrs. Chas A.
Siddons, Ida
St. Maur, Bella
Stanley, Mrs. C. M.
Scott, Annie V.
Tomlinson, Gertie
Thomas, Grace (3)
Talbott, Viola
Thompson, Charlotte
Urso, Manager Camille
Vaughn, Effie
Warde, Mrs. Act-ress)
Wilson, Mrs. Mike
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager of
Wallis, Maggie
Warfield, Annie (variety "biz")
Wentworth, Lizzie
Wyndham, Alice
West, Eva (of Soldier's Trust Co.)
Weeks, Annie (vocalist)
Woods, Addie (of Woods Sisters)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Gallagher, A.
Geyer, Frank (Res. Mgr.)
Gonzales, Theo
Great London Circus, Agent
Gayer & Ashton
Gregory, C. (of Wakefield & Greg.)
Gristo, G. B.
Gladstone, Sam
Goldthorpe, J.
Griffin, Jas. H. Sc.
Goshen, Col South
Gardner, Master Chas.
Gardner, Ed. F.
Green, Matt
Glidden, Chas.
Garsons, E. M.
Gannon, Pete
Goodyear, C. W. (2)
Gallagher, M. A.
Guise, A.
Gaylor, Wm. C.
Green, Jas.
Hamilton, Wm. H.
Horton, Hardy
Healy, Dr. J. E (3)
Hines, Jas.
Howard & Sanford
Haley, T. (of Hill & Hunt Circus)
Harrington, J. C.
Hall, J. Clinton
Heywood, C. (of Heywood Bros. (2)
Hildebrand, F. E.
Homan, G. W
Harrison, C. H. (McAllister's Minst.)
Hoboken, Rivers, Johnny
Rice, Col. Dan
Ryse, Ellis (2)
Reed, Geo. W. 5c.
Rubin, J. G.
Raymond's Manager, J. T. G.
Russell, John H.
Rankin, McKee
Roome, J. D.
Stout, J. H.
Sutton, Geo. (of Campbell's Circus)
Simon, Harry
Sheehan & Jones
Sherwood, Benson
Stuart, John (of Stetson's Co.)
Shoales, Benj.
Scobie, Geo. F.
Satsuma, K. (2)
Searle, J. H.
Stevens, J. Ogden
Stanwood, Harry
Sparks, Jos.
Seeley, Chas. 21c.
Sherrick, Mark
Smith Shirley
Splane, Jas. G.
Simmons, Phil
Shier, D. E.
Searles Bros. & Master Haney
Searl, Cyril (2)
Sully, Dan
Strebig, J.
Sinclair, Harry
Shefler, Chas.
Stowe, W. H. (2)
Sanders & Dean
Sprague, D. J.
Schiff, Dave
Struthers, Robt.
Stewart, Mr. (of Maude Brandcombe's Co.)
Stetson, E. T. (2)
Shannon, J. H. (boy orator)
Smith, Jas. (of Barnum's Circus)
Sheridan, F. R.
Stoner, D. P. (2)
Sun, Ah
Sullivan, Dan Morris
Shaw, Gus
Saunderson, Mr. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Sinclair, D. To.
Stalker, C. T.
Thompson, Al.
Taylor, H. S.
Tannehill, F. A.
Taylor, Clarance Ward
Turner, Lew
Tooker, Jos. H.
Tierney & Cronin
Thompson, Den (2)
Talbott, Harry
Tirriney, Ted
Taylor, H. A.
Tolcott, J.
Thompson, John
Tyrrell, Tom B (3)
Thomas, Theo. (2)
Williams, Theo. C. (Globe Th., St. Louis)
Warner, Hiram S.
Waling, Dave (of Reynolds & Wall.)
Walsh, G. W.
White, C. O.
Willard, Chas. (4)
Wade & LeClede
Wood & West (2)
Wray, Ralph (2)
Wright, Jas. (of Orrin Bros. & Co.)
Ward, J. D. (of Ward's Comb.)
Williams, Gus
Welch, C. (of Continental 3)(3)
Wall, G. E.
Wilson, Jos. R.
Waddy, J. M
Waiting, Chas. & Annie (2)
Wills, F.
Willis, Fred
Wilson, H. A.
Westbury, D. A.
Williams, W. (of Williams & Sully)
Wambold, Ned
Walby & Pearl
Weaver, Jr., Add
Wombold, Harry
Warren, G. W.
Young, E. C.
Yost, Geo. (p. o. m. Harrow, Eng.)
Zegrino, Juan

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 9, '78.

"Another Sabbath's work is done, another Monday has begun," was the remark of a variety and acrobatic preacher whose extraordinary gyrations and Scriptural flip-flaps during the past week took nearly all the life out of him, and convinced him that the sensational effects introduced by him in his devotional exercises are more a work of labor than of love. When our dear brethren of the triple-somersault and horizontal-bar persuasions gave up their legitimate lines of action and donned the motley and the spangles and tights, they were probably not aware that there could be no return to the old order of things; that, once they had appeared on l'Echelle Perilleuse—that, once they had achieved distinction on the Giant Swing—a return to the common ground-and-lofty tumbling of their profession would appear tame and humiliating; and that is why our sharp-toed brethren of the Christian tight rope lines of business, after the novelty and excitement of the acrobatic piety divertisement have partially worn off, do not experience the same degree of comfort and self-satisfaction in their labored efforts to keep up the moral-circus entertainments as attended their early performances in leaping over thirty-three sacred bulls in one night, and making three clean revolutions before alighting upon terra-firma. Rereading our double-jointed perambulators must keep on the flying trapeze, leap over moral camelopards, ride bareback on a wild steed fresh from the Holy Land, or the genial "snap" must come to an end.....One of our temperance apostles has not had a very pleasant experience of late in his intercourse with us; for at the close of a four weeks' engagement he had not cleared as much as one of our song-and-dance artists would do some in a single week. Our temperance dialect and contortion friends lose sight of the fact that here in the metropolis every man has his own private temperance lecturer in the shape of wife or mother-in-law, and what such angels cannot accomplish would be but a waste of time and labor for others to undertake. The soothing influence of lovely woman's sincere words is far more effective than the orthodox "little-incident" and "frightful-example" form of temperance entertainment. This field has been pretty well gone over, and ploughed and grooved and otherwise worked; and, with all due respect for our beloved coworkers in a common vineyard, we should advise them to get a date elsewhere. Boston is a very wicked city, Pittsburgh is impure, and sadly needs reclaiming; Cincinnati is also totally depraved and dissolute; and Chicago is still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, and needs the prayers of our acrobatic Christian brethren and the pledges of our cold-water advocates. Those places are far gone in sinfulness; but let us assure them that, "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."..... In calling your attention to the pious lessons we are reminded that, although "there were giants in those days," there were no free passes; every individual had to fork over his ducats and rix-guilders and rupees, or no show. In the early days of Christianity the laborer was considered worthy of his hire, and clipped tickets and window-passes and billboard "go-ins" were unknown; the billposter was paid well to affix to dead-walls his illuminated circus-bills, but the artistic ability displayed by him in his distribution of gutter-snipes in places where they would do the most good did *not* guarantee him free admission to the show; in fact, the deadhead system was altogether ignored by theatrical and circus managers of the olden time. We are led to these remarks after having had our attention called to some revelations recently made by an explorer of the hidden mysteries of Scriptural lore. The gentleman who makes these disclosures seems to have been employed to do the work by a Canadian railroad company who had been almost ruined by the traveling done on its road on the free-trade or reciprocity principle. Wishing to show the deadheaders in what an unholy work they were engaged, our railroad friends secured the services of a well-known "search-the-scripturist," and, by promising him good wages and steady employment, induced him to go heart and hand into the work, in the cause of great human interests generally, but the Canadian railroad particularly. The results of his explorations have been made public, and we are permitted to take a copy from the original document hung up in the company's depot; and here it is:

A CHRISTIAN NOTICE.
IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE NO PASSES.
SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES

and you will find the following:
Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers xx., 18.
A-fter not a man to pass.—Judges iii., 28.
The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i., 15.
None shall ever pass.—Isaiah xxxiv., 10.
This generation shall not pass.—Mark xiii., 30.
Though they ever yet shall they not pass.—Jeremiah ii., 42.
So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah i., 3.

[There is no such verse as 43 in chap. 2 of Jeremiah. In chap. 5, verse 22, the passage reads: "Though they roar, yet can they not pass over it." Search-the-scripturists must be correct in their references and quotations, else we will expose their iniquities.—ED. CLIP.].....And in this connection let us state that the conduct of the sages of old is in striking contrast with that of our own latter-day saints, who, not content with making their own passes, condescend to clothe their nefarious operations in the garb of commercial industry by disposing of their counterfeit work at prices far below what managers can afford to sell legitimate tickets for; but that such enterprise is not always rewarded in this world was proved by the recent failure of those gentlemen who made imitation dead-head tickets for several places of amusement. The imitation might have been overlooked, but the deadheadism—that was the most unkindest cut of all! We never struck a harder theme to turn into verse, but here goes:

DEADHEAD COUNTERFEITS.

To Tom Taylor on the theme.
Is by no means very hard,
For, whether good or counterfeit,
'Tis but a piece of card;
But Pi Delphian Johnny
For a job he ought to dread,
Let him try the imitation of
A genuine deadhead!

.....Sinclair Rosebery, over whose gray hairs eighty wholesome Summers and a like number of cold and callous Winters have passed, has determined to perpetuate the name and fame of John Wilkes Booth by naming his infant son after that late eccentric actor. It should also perpetuate the name and fame of Roberts in his specialty.....We must be gore of some kind. Ever since that deadly contest between a lion and a tiger in Texas a year or two ago, our voice has been for war or for some other bloodthirsty exploit. We want a "new novelty" in our amusements—we want something that will freeze our young blood, and make every hair stand erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine. It's all very well to talk about the lion and the lamb lying down together, with a small boy to lead them, as it were; but once let the keeper take his gaze from off the king-beast of the forest, let his eyes be closed in sleep, and a nightmare sit upon his corpse, and forever after will the fate of the small boy and the little lamb be shrouded in perpetual mystery and Cimmerian gloom, if we may be permitted to speak in parables. A bull-fight in Gilmore's Garden, with real live bulls, and live malefactors to meet them in conflict, would be one of the most entertaining performances ever brought to the notice of a metropolitan community. It would serve to draw attention from the fairs and oyster-suppers and strawberry festivals and clam-chowder-parties which always engage the attention of our fellow citizens while celebrating Christmas and New-Year holidays. Anybody having live bulls and insane rich relatives that they would like to get off their hands cannot do better than to enter into the bull-fight enterprise we have suggested. .....It is time to search a good deal of our lives for the falseness and duplicity of what are nowadays called new plays. Vidocq never exposed anything half so wicked and malicious as we have done in bringing evidence to sustain the charge that our new offerings are made out of old fabrics. There are other writers than Chas. Reade who are guilty of "Foul Play Lies." [We leave the subject in a very mysterious point, having said just sufficient to whet the public appetite for more, and to start them out on a hunt for the other falsifiers.—ED.].....An operatic tenor-singer may always rely upon his chest-notes after having traveled on the grand trunk line! A raw egg is equally serviceable!..... "Our Jim" has signed the pledge at last, and become a convert to Brother Murphy's temperance doctrines. A friend met James upon the street the other day, and was astonished at the improved appearance of the lad. "Why, Jim," said he, "I hardly knew you—you look splendid! What are you doing now? What has wrought this great change?" Quoth the boy: "Beer nevermore—I follow the water for a living!"..... What bitter thoughts must be buried in the breast of that French actress who sued the manager of a Paris theatre for giving her part in a play to somebody else, and then heard a verdict returned for the defendant. And the monster of a manager swore that he could not depend on the lady's services. Marguerite Saint-Lo was her name, and the testimony in the case (she claimed 5,000 francs damages) leads us to this conclusion:

PLAIN ENOUGH

The fair Saint-Lo was much distressed
When she could play the part no more,
And very frankly she confessed
That only francs could heal the sore.
Perhaps 'twas right the case to try,
But, now 'tis over, this we know:
Upon the stage they rank her high,
In other ranks her part is low!

.....John Gilbert's half-centennial benefit is among the things of the past, and we may be pardoned for saying that the gentleman who, in a convivial mood, "wished him many happy returns of the day," was slightly sarcastic. So, also, must have been another convivialist who gave utterance to a beautiful sentiment, after imbibing graciously at the veteran's expense: "Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his pints again!" All those hale old souls who were "present when Mr. Gilbert made his first appearance upon the stage some fifty years ago," were also present on this occasion, looking just as well and happy as ever they were..... Some people are too fain-skinned for anything. Meeting a cockney friend on Broadway, a few days ago, conversation led to the arrival in Canada of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne, and to the honors being heaped upon them. Getting the cockney gentleman well primed with our complimentary remarks about the old country and the new governor and his lovely wife, we began to pity him on his visit to America about the time we asked him why the Canadians were so *far Lorne* since their arrival in the Dominion?—this being a little pun that seems to have escaped everybody but ourselves. This was his undignified and somewhat impolite reply: "Oh, go to L——, and find out!" Whether he meant Lorne or the other we never could ascertain, but it was rather cutting..... Has although such a ravenous appetite that nothing but banquets will satisfy it? On Saturday night last the living tragedian was feasted and feted in Washington, D. C., but he did not give himself away on the silver-dollar question. "Witties" was the main subject of discussion, in which you cannot John make holler hold! enough! [This is not sense, but a harmless little quibble.—ED.].....Having failed to find the Stewart remains, our suggestion to revive the Charley Ross lay has been adopted, and the first place heard from in the revival is Towanda, Pa., and several outlying counties yet to hear from. It is said that an American dramatist is working up a powerful drama in which the long-lost one is to play a leading, or a misleading part. "This will be the greatest effort of his life."..... Marie Gordon, now playing "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is not the wife of Senator Gordon of Washington, D. C. This is reliable, and will silence the many rumors relative thereto and thereat. .....They call it an "electric success" at the Union-square Theatre. Probably owing to the electric light houses..... "The International Dairy Fair" at the American Institue wasn't quite the cheese, and this, despite the cries of the indefatigable reporters to "cheese it."..... At the sacred concert at the Grand Opera-house last night, included in the programme was a cornet duet, and Levy and Gilmore were the players selected to do it.....Since the daily papers have got hold of Baby Benson's Sunday-school proclivities—which THE CLIPPER, as usual, told you of first—B. B. appears to have adorned many tales and pointed more morals. Baby goes to Sunday-school with commendable regularity, in view of which let us sing

THE BABY'S NEW AMBITION.

The Baby Benson, whom of old
We saw in songs and "lightning" changes,
Now grows on the gates of gold,
And over pious courses ranges.
The little star, on whom applause
Was showered in a catechism,
Now holds to Puritanic laws,
And wrestles with the catechism!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Messrs. Shook & Gilmore having been unable to procure a new lease of Gilmore's Garden, upon terms more suitable to themselves than to the N. Y. and Harlem R. R. Co., whose property it is, it was settled on the 8th inst. that the railroad company would hereafter control it. All the decorations and the appurtenances of every description have been purchased from Messrs. Shook & Gilmore. It is proposed to use the building mornings, when not otherwise occupied, as a riding-school and for archery and lawn-tennis meetings.....Dublin, Ireland, through its Mayor and several members of Parliament, recently honored Barry Sullivan with a banquet.....Here are a brace of opinions that, possibly will have a little weight with some people: Von Bulow says that music can be cultivated with success in those countries only where the sun shines and the grape ripens; and Sir George Sampay says that not more than two per cent. of the inhabitants of Great Britain can be taught to sing a tune.....Edward Mollenhauer has written a chouteless opera, the libretto being by Chas. Barnard. It is called "Breakers," perhaps not in anticipation.....The self-alleged Lord Ogilvy, otherwise Wilfred Montressor, otherwise Cecil W. Carr, journalist and slight playwright, and who has been in the Charlestown jail, Boston, since last August, on a charge of defrauding his landlady, will have his case brought before the Grand Jury at its next session.....Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, has written an oratorio for the Hanover Festival. It is entitled "The Seven Capital Sins." There is even a broader theme in the sins of seven capitals, beginning with Paris and ending with Washington, D. C.....At the Stettin Theatre, Russia, the author.

A TESTIMONIAL MATINEE to John Gilbert, in honor of the completion of his fiftieth year upon the stage, was given in Wallack's Theatre Thursday, Dec. 5, commencing at one o'clock, when the following entertainments were presented: The third act of "Almost a Life," acted by the Standard Theatre company; a recitation by George S. Knight; "Kerry," performed by Dion Boucicault, C. A. Stevenson, J. W. Shannon, Charles Rockwell, Mrs. Agnes Booth and Miss Stella Boniface; "A Morning Call," acted by Lester Wallack and Miss Ada Dyas; the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," characters by John Gilbert, C. F. Coghlan, Charles Barron, J. Peck and Miss Rose Coghlan; an address to the audience by John Gilbert; the third act of "The Danischeffs," with Charles R. Thorne Jr., Walden Ramsay, H. F. Daly, Miss Sara Jewett and Mrs. E. J. Phillips in the cast, the incidental music being given by the band of the Union-square Theatre, led by H. Tissington, was to have been given, but Mr. Wallack announced that owing to the illness of a gentleman in the cast it would not be played; and that instead Mr. Gilbert and the audience would be treated to a surprise. A presentation of silver plate from the management and company of A. Neuendorff's Germania Theatre was made to Mr. Gilbert, and an accompanying complimentary address was read by Mr. Wolkenstein the comedian of that theatre, who was attended by Messrs. Heimair, Rocco and Kreisler as a representative committee.—Mr. Gilbert briefly expressed his gratitude; "The Chinese Question," with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson in the chief characters, supported by H. Sinclair, W. S. Harkins, A. H. Stuart and the Misses Adelaide Eaton and Leonore Bigelow; and the sketch of "Society Actors," played by Billy Birch and Charley Backman. The orchestra was under the direction of Thomas Baker. All who participated in the performances, as well as the attaches and employes, volunteered their services. The prices were: Admission, $1; reserved seats, $2.

ANNOUNCED as "the first production in America of Charles Reade's 'Double Marriage,'" this play was recognized by us last week at the Lyceum Theatre, where on Dec. 2 Kate Claxton began her managerial reign, as a familiar story spun out from three acts to five. The three-act play which substantially tells the tale of this "Double Marriage" was originally produced on Jan. 30, 1858, at Laura Keene's Theatre, for Laura's benefit, and had a run of thirteen nights. Its production was accentuated by Stage-manager J. G. Burnett's presenting to the beneficiary an attractive wreath that was reputed to have secreted in it something like a hundred dollars in gold pieces, the gift of sundry admirers of the management. The dramatist was "Cyril Turner," who died only a few months ago, and who, under her real name of Mrs. E. F. Eliet, had furnished "Wissmuth & Co." for the old Park, "The Slave Actress" for Burton's New Theatre, and several other plays. The cast of "White Lies," which was the title of Miss Eliet's drama taken from Reade's novel, which in turn had been passed upon a French play, is worth reproducing in juxtaposition with that of "The Double Marriage:"

	LYCEUM	LAURA KEENE'S.
Camille Dujardin	C. A. Stevenson	Geo. C. Jordan.
Edouard Riviere	A. C. Moore	Geo. Goodhart.
Command't Reynal	Fred Robinson	Chas. Wheatleigh.
Darb	W. Darling Jr.	Jos. Jefferson.
Perrin	H. B. Bromley	Mr. Dunsee.
Sergeant Lacroix	M. W. Leffingwell	Chas. Peters.
D'Aubertin	H. B. Phillips	
The General	Chas. Loveday	
Baroness De Beaurepaire	Mrs. E. L. Davenport	Mary Wells.
Josephine De Beaurepaire	Alice D. Lingard	Laura Keene.
Rose De Beaurepaire	Kate Claxton	Charlotte Th'mps'n
Agrippina	Maggie Harold	Josephine Manners
Jacintha		

Kate Claxton is upon the whole a fair representative of Rose, over whom the play is called Laure, and it is at least a relief to see her out of orphanage. It would be heresy to compare Charles Stevenson with Geo. Jordan, or young Davidge with Joe Jefferson, or to say that Frederic Robinson, admirably as he fills the role of Reynal, is superior to Charles Wheatleigh, whose reputation as an eccentric actor was mainly acquired at Laura Keene's; but it is simply unjust to Davidge to record that in Darb there is no scope for a better comedian than he, and Stevenson is at least entitled to the acknowledgment that he has never appeared to better advantage in this city. A. C. Dacre, who is a newcomer, and has had but little experience, has an excellent stage-presence, and will not be long in finding a place in Riviera. It need scarcely be said of so approved a character-actor as Leffingwell that he played the trifling bit of the Sergeant for all that it is worth, and Maggie Harold was an excellent Jacintha. Mrs. E. L. Davenport, borrowed from the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, was warmly received upon her reappearance in this city, and her grave musical tones tempered the dignity of the Baroness. The brunt of the play falls upon Mrs. Lingard as the twice married. Here is a gloomy role, a difficult one to sustain for five acts, and in the last it proves almost too trying for her. It should not be forgotten, however, that it is but a few years since this lady first appeared before us. She was then a burlesque actress, and an inexperienced one at that, with an utterance so rapid as to be almost unintelligible. No one who then saw her at the Theatre Comique could have even dreamed that she would ever reach the level of leading lady, nor did her Ada Ingot in "David Garrick," some years later, presage it. The rapidity of her development has been marvelous. She was recalled at the close of the third act; and so, in the arms of Maggie Harold, was Josephine's four-months-old baby, probably the youngest professional, unless it was Blanche Chapman's baby in Washington, a year ago, ever thus honored.

EDWIN BOOTH at the Fifth-avenue Theatre acted Hamlet Dec. 2, Richelieu 3, Richard III 4, 5, 7, Bertuccio ("The Fool's Revenge") 6, and Iago, to D. H. Harkins' Othello, matinee 7. "Richard III," which was produced for the first times during the present engagement, is a version prepared from Shakespeare's original text, and differs materially from Colley Cibber's, which has long held possession of the stage, and has contained such a strong hold upon the feelings of theatre-goers that it is not likely to be either forgotten or banished by reason of any version from the original text supplanting it. Probably neither version gives a truthful portraiture of the character of Richard III, Shakespeare's having been warped to please the taste of the capricious Queen Elizabeth. As both versions depict him as a wicked man, arrogant, cruel and determined to rule, the innovations made by Cibber have intensified the character in many respects, and for the purposes of stage representations greatly improved it. There are no passages in the original which will so stir a miscellaneous audience as the ejaculations of "Richard's himself again" or "Off with his head. So much for Buckingham." The soliloquy on conscience and the scene between Richard and his wife (Lady Anne), in which he advises her to kill herself, do not appear in the original, yet they are most effective. On Wednesday night, when we were present, there was not a large audience, nor did they seem to be deeply interested in the tragedy, judging from the lack of applause, although it was elaborately mounted, and all of the characters were splendidly costumed. Edwin Booth's Richard is well conceived, and his acting was both correct and artistic. Frank R. Pierce's King Edward IV evinced thoughtful care. Frank Mordaunt acted Clarence well, and his recital of his dream was a good elocutionary effort. E. J. Buckley invested Richmond with the needed dash and vigor. E. A. McDowell's Buckingham was commendable. Hart Conway's Lord Hastings was not lacking in interest. James Peakes and Charles Fisher did good work as Catesby and Radcliff respectively. The Lord Mayor received due attention from Owen Fawcett. Queen Elizabeth by Miss Ellen Cummins, Queen Margaret by Miss Constance Hamblin, Duchess of York by Miss Alice Grey, and Lady Anne by Miss Louise Muldener were conscientiously acted, and the numerous male characters of importance received careful and careful attention. The average attendance was good.

"OUR BOARDING HOUSE" was revived at the Grand Opera-house Dec. 2, and held possession of the stage during the week, attracting a fairly-numerous attendance. As the cast differed so materially from that on the previous presentation of the comedy at this house, we append it: C. Rockwell as Mr. Gilfillypod, Harry Little; Col. M. T. Elevator, George E. Edeson; Fioretti, Charles Pope; Matthew Eligible, W. J. Cogswell; Walter Dalrymple, J. M. Hardie; Clarence Dexter, Joseph Palmer; Dr. Shouter, T. E. Morris; Jack Hardy, W. H. Fenton; Alonzo, W. Daly; Eugenio, Master Henry; Beatrice Manheim, Genevieve Rogers; Fanny Manheim, Little Lillian Rooney; Mrs. Dalrymple, Henrietta Irving; Mrs. Eligible, Louise Graham; Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Sol Smith; Miss Annie Colville, Mabel Jordan; Miss Nash, Marietta St. Ledger; Betty, Frances Kemble. Judging from the professional reputation of many of the artists in the cast, it was thought that the performance would eclipse in point of merit the previous representations of the comedy; but such was not the case, as several were not adapted to the character assumed. Harry Little's Gillypod evinces that this young comedian is making rapid strides in his profession. George Edeson was too stiff and constrained in manner, otherwise he was acceptable, Charles Pope did not appear to the best advantage as the Italian, and his impersonation suffered by comparison with M. V. Lingham's excellent performance of that character. The other male parts were fairly acted, T. E. Morris repeating his original impersonation, so far as this city is concerned, of Dr. Shouter. Genevieve Rogers was not well fitted as Beatrice Manheim, although she exerted herself to please. Mrs. Sol Smith gave a capital impersonation of the boarding-house proprietress, Little Lillian Rooney played Florence quite naturally, Mabel Jordan looked pretty and pleased as Anna Colville, and the rest were fairly successful.

AT TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE business has been good since our last review, the fresh attractions including Charles Worley, a clever Ethiopian comedian, who displayed ability in the sketches of "Rooms to Let" and "The Cannon-ball Tosser;" Niles and Evans, who evince considerable improvement in their song-and-dance specialties, during which they interpolated some clever imitations of English swells, which took well; E. W. Johnson and John West, who were seen in Caledonian field-sports—the pleasure of witnessing which can be enhanced by further practice on their part; for, although their feats were good, too many baulks were made by one of them before he accomplished his share of the task, while the other made none at all; John and Maggie Fielding in their sketch of "Blarney," introducing many fresh duets; May and Flora Irwin in a sketch called "On Land and Sea," which proved to be a good vehicle for their musical specialties; and Morris and Fields in amusing Dutch musical specialties. The programme also included jig and reel dancing by Kitty O'Neil; songs by Tony Pastor, including a fresh one descriptive of types of people seen at the Cathedral fair; and Gus Williams, who reappeared Dec. 5 after an absence dating from Nov. 29, caused by rheumatism. He gave the freshest of his songs, and among his funny stories one describing the meritorious qualities of a mule of celebrated pedigree—got by "Difficulty" out of "Stable"—created much laughter. A recitation of "Buttercups and Daisies" concluded his entertainment; but he reappeared as Peter Runk in the closing sketch of "The Dutch Bouncer." Henry Carney gave his clever dialect songs in character, and repeated his excellent high-still dancing.

NO CHANGE occurred in the programme at the Theatre Comique since our last writing, "Lorgaire" continuing to attract a very good attendance.

HARRY AND JOHN KERNELL, Bryant and Hoey, Brian O'Lynn, Kitty Emmet and James B. Radcliffe are the arrivals at Harry Miner's New Theatre Dec. 9.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was crowded in every part last week to witness the Kiralfy Brothers' spectacular production of "Around the World in Eighty Days," commencing Dec. 3, Monday night having been devoted to a dress-rehearsal. Although this piece has been frequently presented by these gentlemen in this city, yet it has never before been mounted in such a style of gorgeous magnificence. A live elephant was introduced in the first act, and in the second there was an attractive ballet, led by Mlle. Bonfanti, and a march of "diamond warriors," clad in rich and glittering costumes, both of which elicited uproarious applause. The scenery, by the Messrs. Voegtlin, Meeh and Aragoni, is magnificent, the mechanical effects worked smoothly, and the costumes, armors, jewels and appointments were of the richest description. The piece was well acted, the principal characters being assigned as follows: Phineas Fogg, Harry Coulter; Miles O'Fake, F. A. Tannehill; John Fix, T. G. Riggs; Passepartout, W. H. Lytell; Mr. Blunt, J. F. Peters; Sir Roger Shendryx, Horace Lee; Aouda, Miss Annie Hindle; Tiffany's Nemea, Miss Blanche Mortimer; Bessie, Miss Lottie Murray; and Nakahira, Miss Rose Keene.

PROSPERITY still crowns the efforts of the San Francisco Minstrels to provide the public with healthful amusement, the freshest numbers being "Jack's Yarn," sung by H. W. Pritham; "Spring Maids," by W. Raymond; and "Seeing Nelly Home," by D. S. Wambold. Johnson and Powers are seen in a song-and-dance called "Marriage Bells," and Ricardo appears in burlesque prima-donna songs, including "Out on a Lark;" George Thatcher continues his mirth-provoking specialties; Billy Birch shows his experience of "A Tough Night;" Add Ryman, under the guise of lecturing on "The Labor Question," utters many pungent satires upon local abuses; and "Herald Personals" continues to send the spectators to their homes in the best of humor.

THE BENEFIT for the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, given by Harrigan & Hart in the Theatre Comique on the afternoon of Dec. 5, did not attract a large attendance. Although several volunteers had been announced, only two—Kitty O'Neil and Master Barney—put in an appearance, and they danced in the christening scene of "Lorgaire."

BARRY & KERNELL'S VARIETY COMBINATION abandoned their traveling tour, and returned to town during the past week.

J. H. ROWE, who went to England with one of Jarrett & Palmer's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupes, has returned, bringing with him the drama of "Queen's Evidence," which recently made a great success in London.

STEVENS & ROSENBLUTH'S Combination is to commence an engagement in Booth's Theatre Dec. 16. Gus Williams then joins the company, playing Capt. Deitrich.

ROSE LISLE and Edward Arnott acted in "The Foundlings" at the Bowery Theatre during the past week. On Friday night "The Irish Lion," and on Saturday "The New York Fireman," were added to the programme.

THE FOLLY THEATRE collapsed after the performances of Dec. 5.

JOHN SIMPSON, the well-known treasurer of the late Bryant's Minstrels, died at his residence, 214 East Sixty-second street, Dec. 8, in the 59th year of his age. His full Christian name was Jonathan, but by his being contracted for printing on show bills he came to be known as John, which name he subsequently retained as long as he was in business. In 1846 he was treasurer of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, and left there to fulfill a similar position with E. P. Christy's Minstrels, 472 Broadway. For some time he occupied a like position at White's Varieties in the Bowery, and about 1851 he organized a company of his own, which he named Simpson's Ethiopian Opera Troupe, and continued their treasurer as long as the company had an existence in this city. After the death of Dan Bryant, April 10, 1875, the Opera-house in Twenty-third street was closed, and Mr. Simpson retired to private life. He was of a very genial disposition, and much liked by all with whom he came in contact. He left a family, who are comfortably provided for. His funeral takes place from his late residence, at a quarter of eleven o'clock this morning (Dec. 9), and the remains are to be taken to Hoboken, N. J., for interment.

AT THE WINDSOR THEATRE the company this week includes the Novello Quartet, Wood and Beasley, Archie Hughes, Sam and Carrie Swain, Helen Anderson, Jas. Mass, W. C. Turner and Lizzie Turner.

E. B. BROWN, manager of the Louisiana and Texas Circuit, has conducted affairs so satisfactorily in Dallas, Texas, that the Building Association, owning the Opera-house there, have decided to name it after him. It will in future be known as Brown's Opera-house. Mr. Brown is now traveling through the State under his management. Mr. Brown has under his control twelve opera-houses in the Texas circuit.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 5, Leonard Grover's Combination began a season of three nights and a matinee, presenting "Our Boarding-house," to fair business.....Miss Lina Tettenborn played "The Milliner-vender of Germantown" in German at Maennerchor Hall Dec. 1, supported by local talent. The attendance was small, the weather being bad. The performance was repeated 2 to another slim house.....There is nothing new as yet in the case of T. W. Davey vs. Fox & Emmet.

BUSINESS at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., was very good during the week commencing Dec. 2, the attraction being "A Celebrated Case," acted in a creditable manner by the J. W. Collier Company. The piece was put on the stage with new scenery, painted by T. C. Noxon, and, although seen here before, was nevertheless enjoyed by the good-sized audiences.....Dec. 9, "The Victims" 10, "Solon Shingle" 3 and 5, "Toodles" and "Solon Shingle" matinee, and "Everybody's Friend" and "Forty Winks" evening 4, "Our Boys" 6 and matinee 7, "Everybody's Friend" and "Solon Shingle" 7. Business has been large, standing-room being at a premium at both performances on Thanksgiving-day (4). Dec. 9, Chas. Hope; 10, Mamie Gavidon; 11, at the Royal Opera-house Holmes Grover and Miss May Delome, supported by their own company, opened on the afternoon of the 4th in the drama of "I. O. U." which was repeated in the evening and on the 5th, "The Boy Detective" being given 6, 7. Business large. Dec. 9, for three nights and matinee, Mme. Modjeska.

ORRIN & MURRAY'S COMBINATION played to good in Cambridge City, Ind., the past week, thence to Union City.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted by Sam Aimes, who advertises that he would like to hear from Kittie Longee.

J. K. EMMET and company presented "Fritz" in the Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., during the week ending Nov. 30.

MISS LILLIE GLOVER reappears at the Chestnut to-night, the attraction being her new amiably adjusted, Dr. Davenport, MICK, Modjeska is billed for Dec. 12 13, 14. George S. Knight's Combination 16 17, 18, Buffalo Ball 27, 28.

THE FLORENCES played in Toledo, O., Dec. 2, Lansing, Mich., 3, Grand Rapids 4, Detroit 5, 6, 7, and open in the East on Dec. 9

DRAMATIC NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to Dec. 7, is sent us below by our correspondent:

At Haverly's Theatre there was an excellent attendance to witness the first production of "Mother and Son." The scenery, by David A. Strong, was handsome and tasteful. The feminine element of the cast was strong and complete, Miss Linda Dietz furnishing a strong sympathetic portrait of Rachel Marshall, and Miss Fanny Monat a beautiful and stately picture of the Baroness. Miss Ida Vernon invested the character of Clarissa with the necessary disagreeable individuality. Miss Nina Varian was delightful and proved herself a finished artist. Miss Lillian Clark was demure and seductive as Zoe. Mrs. Marie Wilkins as Mme. Cortet et presented a finished portraiture of the meddlesome village gossip. Mrs. Seymour and the Misses Alice Sherwood, Isabella Thorston, Lilla Clemens and Annie Mathis filled the minor roles in a satisfactory manner. Of the gentlemen, George Clarke was manly, vigorous and earnest as Fabrice, yet in the more impassioned passages somewhat inclined to overact. W. Herbert presented quite a strong character portrait of Lechard, the impecunious editor. C. H. Bradshaw, G. F. Devere, G. J. Henderson, W. J. Eytinge, F. Goldwaite, R. Hilderbrand, L. Blakely and Master Layton as Brochat, Thibaud, Chavajol, Amanny, Francois, the gendarme, Antoine, and Gaspard the newsboy, fairly fulfilled the requirements of their roles. The costumes were rich and appropriate. "Mother and Son" will be continued another week, business having continued good all of the past. ..... At Hooley's Mrs. D. P. Bowers supported by J. C. McCollum and a large company of Novelty Theatre company, has had a week of rather bad business, owing principally to the unattractiveness of the plays presented. "Lady Audley's Secret" was given 2, 3 and matinee 4, "East Lynne" 5, 6, "Mirah" 7 and matinee, at which, being a new play, there was a better attendance. "Mirah," hitherto called "The Third Estate," by Mr. Gray, is quite a strong melodrama of the period of the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe and the French Revolution. The tone and treatment are healthful and vigorous, yet lack of sequency and coherency in the narrative rather detracts from the interest. The support by the company was, in the main, weak. Mrs. Bowers befitted 6. Mrs. Bowers and Mr. McCollum cancel next week's engagement in Milwaukee, returning East. The St. Louis portion of their starring tour being over. Miss Effie Elisler opens 9 for a week's engagement. Emerson's Minstrels follow 16 ..... At McVicker's a rather light business was attendant upon the second week of Rose Eytinge, her delightfully refreshing style and strength of cast. The coming week C. W. Barry will present his new drama by Thomas Whiffen entitled "A Double Life" ..... At Hamlin's Oliver Doud Byron presented "Hero," as combining the character of Donald McKaval the week to very good business, the support by Hamlin's augmented stock company being full and capable. Byron goes to Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 10, thence to Syracuse, Albany and New York. Sam Devere opens here 16 in "Jasper." Manager John A. Hamlin has been sick abed the past week. Alf. Johnson has succeeded W. H. Griffith as stage-manager, Mr. Griffith's wife (Bella Morton) also retiring. The Finck & Webber Company closed their season in Omaha, Neb., Thanksgiving, and are now in town ..... Sam Whitney of Bismarck, D. T., and O. A. White of Minneapolis were here the past week securing people for their respective theatres ..... Jane Coombs and company were here 1, opening 2 in Aurora, Ill. ..... Minnie Edrington left 2 to join the Ada Gray Company in Peoria, Ill. Watkins, the manager, leaving 6 ..... The Emma Leland Combination report business good in Kansas ..... Jake Murray left 4, to join the Hyers Sisters Party in Bloomington, Ill. ..... J. A. Monk joined the Forbes "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe at Rockford, Ill., as their business-manager ..... Manager J. H. McVicker has been in New York the past two weeks arranging for fresh attractions for New York's favorite theatre. Harry Lacy, H. Power, late of Cincinnati, is making up a party here to support him in the "Two Orphans." ..... George S. Berrell, manager for Mrs. Bowers, was married 5 to Miss Emmie Taylor, a member of the company.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER, dated Dec. 1, reads thus:

As Jane Shore, Ada Cavendish has made a hit, and attracted crowded houses during the week to the California theatre. Mrs. Lady received excellent support all the better from the fact that it was unexpected from the stock company of this theatre. The Queen Elizabeth of Marie Prescott and Mrs. Herbert Shore of Barton Hill were really deserving of the praise they evoked. The setting of the stage was quite up to the standard, and the snow storm scene was something that has been seldom excelled, especially in this establishment. Will S. Hayden's benefit was devoted to legitimate comedy, and instead of appearing in "Miss Gwilt," as previously announced, Miss Cavendish will personate the heroines in "As You Like It," "Richard the Third," "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Jane." Mason is for her farewell benefit, will appear in "Much Ado About Nothing" and revive "The Charge of the Light Brigade." At Frank Chanfrau's benefit begin his engagement in "Kit." ..... With "Babes in the Wood" as the attraction, "standing room Only" is nightly displayed at the box-office of the Standard, where the Rice Surprise party are drawing the largest houses of the present engagement. The party leave 2 for a three weeks' trip through the interior, and will on their return appear under M. A. Kennedy's management in a new burlesque, entitled "Rice's Surprise Party in Europe." At the Bush, business being mutually satisfactory dismissed all the hopes of an engagement being effected with the Baldwin management. The Novelty Combination from New York will make their first appearance at the Bush 2. At the Bush-street Theatre "La Marjolaine" has, during the second week of its representation, attracted but slim house-s. Dec. 9 the company for the first time appear in "The Princess of Bagdad." At Haverly's Dominion, with the exception of the performance of Nov. 29 and matinee 30, at which Clara Morris appeared as Jane Eyre, business has been poor. At the Grand "Woman of the People" and "A Celebrated Case" attracted but few persons. "Hon. Colt Qui Mal Y Pense" will be produced 3 with the following cast: Sir Leicester Hastings, James Lewis; Lady Verner, Sara Perry; Watkins, Paul Jones; Lieutenant, Willie Seymour; O'Shaughnessy, James A. Herne; Lady Clara Hastings, Rose Wood; Watkins, May Hart; Miss Emily Averill, Nelly Wetherill ..... At the Adelphi Mr. Rockwell is still starring, attracting very good houses. Next week the play of "J. Ki-ko-ko-ki-kee" will be produced. "Sinbad the Sailor" will be offered as the holiday attraction ..... On Dec. 4, the occasion of the 30th birthday anniversary of the San Francisco Order of Elks, a monster bill will be given at the afternoon and evening performances at the Grand Opera-house. At the matinee the Adelphi Theatre company will appear in "Camille," with Rose Wood and James O'Neil in the principal parts; the members of the New York Novelty Company will appear in several amusing acts; the Lingard Combination will present "The Laughing Hyena;" and the Oates Company will sing the first act from "Le Petit Duc." The evening's performance will consist of an olio and the play of "After Dark." with J. W. Jennings as Chirac, Tom and Harry Lingard as Shadow, Cavendish, at the conclusion of her present engagement, sails for Oregon ..... Augusta Dargon, who has been giving dramatic readings in British Columbia and Puget Sound, returned to San Francisco on the steamer Constantine. Mr. Norton Bush and Miss Althey Weston announced a benefit at the Grand Opera-house 30, but, as their friends failed to muster in sufficient numbers to defray the gas bill, the affair fell through ..... The California Theatre management have concluded engagements with Dion Boucicault to appear early in the Spring ..... Thanksgiving day per-formance have brought rich harvests to theatre managers ..... Mme. Clara Morris has decided to postpone her two weeks' engagement at Baldwin's, commencing Dec 9 with her play of "Conscience" ..... Dec. 4 the Oates Comic Opera Company will give a concert at Mechanics' Pavilion; at the Bush-street Theatre, and the management will celebrate the event by presenting each lady present with a satin-and-gold programme as a souvenir of the occasion ..... Mme. Rhea will appear at Platt's Hall, Dec. 7, in an engagement with Forrester ..... Miss Cottrelly of the German Company will take a benefit at the California this evening, presenting herself in "Ein Blitzmadel." ..... John Sherman, the well-known Mason of Baldwin's Theatre, has executed two life-size dicks, which will adorn the Grand Opera-house on the occasion of the Elks' benefit ..... Wm. H. Fitzgerald has completed a week's engagement at Sacramento 9 ..... During the week the Grand Opera-house passed into the hands of a new management, composed of John Torrence, the well-known pioneer stage-manager, and Mr. Wheeler, who has leased the house, the property for some time past. Being both thoroughly practical men, and having substantial backing, they propose to inaugurate an entirely new era in the management of this theatre. Mr. Torrence has had a long and active connection with Managers Rice, Kennedy and Nunnemacher for the construction of a musical comic, spectacular extravaganza during the holidays. The front of the theatre is to be refurbished and the interior painted and beautified "Revels" will be given for the first time Dec. 24

A REPETITION of previous weeks' programmes has been given at our regular theatres the past week to an average good business, though the severe storms Dec. 2, 3, affected the attendance somewhat, wrote our Boston, Mass., correspondent on Dec. 8, adding:

"The Exiles" at the Boston Theatre was continued, and will be withdrawn in favor of "The Two Mothers" 16 ..... Nine Points of the Law" and "M. B. Finalove" will ..... the attraction at the Boston Museum this evening of 14, when the comedy will be shelved in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan's "A Trial by Jury," to be given by the singing members of the full company and a full and complete chorus. The "Pinafore" is a great success, and the crowded and delighted audiences nightly attest ..... The Gaiety Theatre has been occupied a second week by the Mitchell Dramatic Company and Miss Nora Dominion. The Gaiety Theatre has been occupied a second week by the Mitchell Dramatic Company and Miss Nora Dominion. In "Miles." Miss Pixley was the recipient of a complimentary benefit 6, and was greeted very heartily, her singing again creating a decided furor. Tracy Titus' English Opera Company will open at the Bella of Corneville," introducing for the first time in this city Miss Catherine Lewis ..... A. C. Baldwin, one of the original Lend-onners of the Globe Theatre, has signified his intention of to take possession for a non-professional benefit 9 ..... Both Mr. Baldwin and N. J. Bradlee are of the opinion that the Cheney estate is not insolvent, and will prove such in the courts, and that the widow and one thousand shares of the Cheney manufacturing firm stock by the late Arthur Cheney to his wife, soon after the death of Mr. Cheney Sr., more than ten years ago. It is further claimed that the Cheney property will be rebuilt on the site of the old one, and make it what it was before the fire in May, 1873. One of the present land-owners refuses to act with these gentlemen, and some trouble may ensue. The Bijou Theatre has been added to the list, 50 seats in the theatre now standing are left entirely out in any measure that may be adopted ..... "Sant, or the White Slave," will be produced by Joseph Proctor at the Music Hall 23, will be strongly cast. Mrs. Mrs. D. W. 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MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—The concert announced at the Chelsea Academy of Music by Ole Bull, Isabel Stone and the Temple Quartet was postponed owing to the inclement weather ..... The Lilliputian Opera Company at Horticultural Hall added to "Jack the Giant-killer" the farce of "Foodles," with Admiral Dot as Foodles, Zemie Quigley as Zoe, Miss Bessie Beaton, Mary Acorn; Colonel Acorn, George Acorn; Miss Kirtland, Chas. Fenton; Prince Louis, Farmer Acorn; Major Haughton, Farmer Fenton; and General Totman as the Landlord. Business a repeated excellent. Bijou Hall, Nov. 30, W. H. Sherwood continued his pianoforte re-tals afternoon of 2 and evening of 6 ..... F. S. Gilmore and Ha Dady have newly contracted to give a series of band concerts in Boston and Dorchester during the coming season ..... Fairbairn Family of Scotch vocalists gave a characteristic concert at a South Boston church 4. They sang in this city 12 ..... Wilhelmj, violinist, reappeared at Music Hall 4, and was assisted by Miss Emma Di Muzka, Mme. Teresa Carreno, Signor Tagliapietra, Maurice Strakosch, and an orchestra under Carl Zerrahn ..... The first symphony concert by the Harvard Musical Association was given at Sanders Hall afternoon of 5, W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Carl Zerrahn, conductor; and Charles N. Allen leading the violins ..... Mrs. Charlotte W. Hawes commenced a series of musicales at her residence, 20 Comfort, Boston Highlands, 12. The Apollo Club gave their first concert of the season in Tremont Temple 6, under the direction of B. J. Lang, the soloists being Messrs. Clarence E. Hay, Alfred Wilkie, Dr. C. C. Allen, Alfred A. Allen, Jr., Bruce Lincoln, Clapp, Parker, Aiken and Want. It will be repeated in Music Hall 9 ..... Mrs. Cullins from appearing ..... The violin classes of the Boston Conservatory of Music gave an exhibition of their progress and efficiency in Tremont Temple afternoon 7 ..... A concert will be given at the Boston Theatre 8 by Wilhelmj, violinist; Ilma Di Muzka, pri-ma-donna; Signor Tagliapietra, baritone; and Carl Zerrahn, conductor ..... The reported marriage of Leopold Kahn (Admiral Dot) and Jennie Quigley is contradicted ..... The fu ure destination of the Lilliputian Opera Company is Haverhill, Mass., 12, Lowell 13, Gloucester 12, Lynn 13, Cambridgeport 14, Providence, R. I., 16, for one week ..... Brown's Brigade Band, having concluded their engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, will appear at the Globe Theatre, with the assistance of Mrs. M. F. Marchington, soprano; H. C. Brown, cornetist; F. Liebsch, clarionetist ..... The regular Sunday evening concert at the Gaiety Theatre will be given by Miss Annie Pixley, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Conway, Fred J. Eustace and the Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Carl Eichler ..... The colored prima-donna Madame Selika will soon be heard in concert in this city ..... Eddy's seventy-fourth organ recital 7.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1879, with its handsome cover printed in five colors, will doubtless have a large circulation. It is constantly used as a book of reference, and performers will find that a card in it will keep their names continually before the attention of managers. Managers in want of people will also find it one of the best means of communicating with performers. Copy should be sent in by Dec. 18. For terms and other information see cards elsewhere.

A SNAP COMPANY styled Tillson & Shepard's Grand Combination was engaged to play in the Wigwam, Paterson, N. J., Nov. 28, 29, 30. On the last night, it is alleged, the manager, Charles Berry Jr., fled with the receipts, and the company refused to play. The audience, becoming enraged, rushed upon the stage, committed some depredations, took a large number of chairs from the auditorium into the street, and either destroyed them or carried them away. The damage will amount to several hundred dollars.

AMOS ELLSWORTH, a boy magician, who appears in the specialty of the Indian-box mystery and in feats of necromancy, can be engaged by addressing G. L. Doane, as per card.

DOLLIE RIDWELL, supported by a company, played to good business Dec 4-5, in Music Hall, Portland, Me. They return Jan. 2, 1879 ..... The Boston Museum Company plays in the Portland Theatre 9 ..... Anthony & Parson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in City Hall 10.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., John McCullough appeared that week, in "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," "Hamlet" and "Richard III" to large audiences. Effective support was rendered him by Miss Hensotte Vaders, Mrs. Octavia Allen, F. W. Keene, M. Lasagne, George Denham, Charles Waverly and George Hoey. Mr. McCullough remains another week, and will be followed 16 by Jarrett & Palmer's "Henry VIII" Co., with Miss Genevieve Ward as Queen Katharine. Card.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted at the Opera-house, Louisville, Ky. See W. L. Allen's cards.

ROBERT FRAZER'S PANTOMIME TROUPE showed in Youngstown, O., Dec. 2, Meadville, Pa., 3, Warren 4, Sharon 5, New Castle 6, Altoona 7.

CLOWN, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine are wanted for an entertainment on Christmas-day. See H. C. Williams' card.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, after closing his tour with Sam T. Jack's Combination, is to play in the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., three weeks, commencing Jan. 20, 1879; then, for a like period in the interior towns of California and Nevada; two weeks in the Grand Opera-house, this city, beginning March 3; Cleveland, O., 17, Pittsburg 24, and Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., 31, one week each.

CHAS. L. HOWARD, manager of the Dramatic Brokers' Agency, advertises for combinations for the holidays, for operatic and serio-comic vocalist, specialty artists, and offers to furnish dramatic stars and other performers to managers. He asks all first class artists to send their addresses, business, etc., to his agency.

JENNIE HOLMES commences her traveling season Dec. 16, with a dramatic and novelty company, and will appear as the star attraction in a repertory of which the principal feature will be "The French Spy." J. W. Wade is the manager, with John A. Dingee agent. Communications can be sent to C. R. Gardiner, her agent in this city. See card.

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PROF. O. P. STEVENS, leader and teacher of brass bands and orchestras, also violin-soloist, arranges an engagement with a traveling company. See card.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—The concert announced at the Chelsea Academy of Music by Ole Bull, Isabel Stone and the Temple Quartet was postponed owing to the inclement weather ..... The Lilliputian Opera Company at Horticultural Hall added to "Jack the Giant-killer" the farce of "Foodles," with Admiral Dot as Foodles, Zemie Quigley as Zoe, Miss Bessie Beaton, Mary Acorn; Colonel Acorn, George Acorn; Miss Kirtland, Chas. Fenton; Prince Louis, Farmer Acorn; Major Haughton, Farmer Fenton; and General Totman as the Landlord. Business a repeated excellent. Bijou Hall, Nov. 30, W. H. Sherwood continued his pianoforte re-tals afternoon of 2 and evening of 6 ..... F. S. Gilmore and Ha Dady have newly contracted to give a series of band concerts in Boston and Dorchester during the coming season ..... Fairbairn Family of Scotch vocalists gave a characteristic concert at a South Boston church 4. They sang in this city 12 ..... Wilhelmj, violinist, reappeared at Music Hall 4, and was assisted by Miss Emma Di Muzka, Mme. Teresa Carreno, Signor Tagliapietra, Maurice Strakosch, and an orchestra under Carl Zerrahn ..... The first symphony concert by the Harvard Musical Association was given at Sanders Hall afternoon of 5, W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Carl Zerrahn, conductor; and Charles N. Allen leading the violins ..... Mrs. Charlotte W. Hawes commenced a series of musicales at her residence, 20 Comfort, Boston Highlands, 12. The Apollo Club gave their first concert of the season in Tremont Temple 6, under the direction of B. J. Lang, the soloists being Messrs. Clarence E. Hay, Alfred Wilkie, Dr. C. C. Allen, Alfred A. Allen, Jr., Bruce Lincoln, Clapp, Parker, Aiken and Want. It will be repeated in Music Hall 9 ..... Mrs. Cullins from appearing ..... The violin classes of the Boston Conservatory of Music gave an exhibition of their progress and efficiency in Tremont Temple afternoon 7 ..... A concert will be given at the Boston Theatre 8 by Wilhelmj, violinist; Ilma Di Muzka, prima-donna; Signor Tagliapietra, baritone; and Carl Zerrahn, conductor ..... The reported marriage of Leopold Kahn (Admiral Dot) and Jennie Quigley is contradicted ..... The fu ure destination of the Lilliputian Opera Company is Haverhill, Mass., 12, Lowell 13, Gloucester 12, Lynn 13, Cambridgeport 14, Providence, R. I., 16, for one week ..... Brown's Brigade Band, having concluded their engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, will appear at the Globe Theatre, with the assistance of Mrs. M. F. Marchington, soprano; H. C. Brown, cornetist; F. Liebsch, clarionetist ..... The regular Sunday evening concert at the Gaiety Theatre will be given by Miss Annie Pixley, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Conway, Fred J. Eustace and the Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Carl Eichler ..... The colored prima-donna Madame Selika will soon be heard in concert in this city ..... Eddy's seventy-fourth organ recital 7.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1879, with its handsome cover printed in five colors, will doubtless have a large circulation. It is constantly used as a book of reference, and performers will find that a card in it will keep their names continually before the attention of managers. Managers in want of people will also find it one of the best means of communicating with performers. Copy should be sent in by Dec. 18. For terms and other information see cards elsewhere.

A SNAP COMPANY styled Tillson & Shepard's Grand Combination was engaged to play in the Wigwam, Paterson, N. J., Nov. 28, 29, 30. On the last night, it is alleged, the manager, Charles Berry Jr., fled with the receipts, and the company refused to play. The audience, becoming enraged, rushed upon the stage, committed some depredations, took a large number of chairs from the auditorium into the street, and either destroyed them or carried them away. The damage will amount to several hundred dollars.

AMOS ELLSWORTH, a boy magician, who appears in the specialty of the Indian-box mystery and in feats of necromancy, can be engaged by addressing G. L. Doane, as per card.

DOLLIE RIDWELL, supported by a company, played to good business Dec 4-5, in Music Hall, Portland, Me. They return Jan. 2, 1879 ..... The Boston Museum Company plays in the Portland Theatre 9 ..... Anthony & Parson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in City Hall 10.

A B FLAT CORNET PLAYER advertises for an engagement.

"FAUST" was sung at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3, by home talent, before a crowded house.

SPAULDING'S BRILLIANTINE, Ladies and Gents' Cornet Band and Orchestra are now playing with success in the New England States. A correspondent says that the halls in many places are too small to accommodate the people. The company at present consists of sixteen people, and they appear in a most interesting entertainment. They will give entertainments in Groton, Mass., Dec. 9, Fitchburg 10, Winchendon 11, Peterboro, N. H., 12, Keene 13, Brattleboro, Vt., 14.

HARDING advertises the very latest songs in another column.

THE LELAND OPERA HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., the past week was occupied by the Berger Cornet Company, who furnished an excellent entertainment, but failed to attract more than an ordinary attendance. Sol Smith Russell the humorist, one of the principal features, did not appear either Monday evening, he being called to Boston owing to the serious illness of his wife. His place is temporarily filled by Charles Vivian, the well-known comique, who opened Thursday evening, and made a good impression. He is assisted by Miss Fannie Kellogg, soprano; Miss Abbie Clarke, contralto; W. H. Fessenden and C. T. Barnes, tenors; Myron W. Whitney, bass, assisted by a chorus of one hundred and forty voices and a full orchestra ..... Dec. 10 the Musical Society will give its second concert of the season at the Academy of Music ..... The Marie Rose Troupe will open in Wheeling, Virginia, 16 ..... JOHN SULLIVAN, leader and composer, whose address is care of this office, will be at liberty after Dec. 14.

PROF. RICE'S HARMONIC INDICATOR is advertised by the Messrs. Lyon & Healy Chart Company as a boon for beginners in pianoforte-playing, which will enable them to become accompanists in a very short time.

J. G. CROSS advertises popular overtures for minstrel and variety business, neatly arranged for eight or nine instruments.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY opened in the Encinelli-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., Dec. 2, with "Mignon," the Chimes of Normandy" was sung 3, "Bohemian Girl" 4, "Fra Diavolo" was billed for 5, but the house not filling sufficiently to warrant the production, "Faust" will be given 6. The "Bohemian Girl" Miss Emma Abbott was in excellent voice, and made a good Arline. The Thaddeus of Mr. Turner was carefully vocalized and acted; the Gipsey Queen of Miss Rose Hersee was successful; the Count Arnheim of Mr. Bracan was mediocre ..... Max Strakosch's Italian-opera Company opens 16 for one week

CHARLES F. READ gave a concert at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 5, being assisted by Miss Lizzie Mc-Cartney, Miss Sybilla Mayer, and Messrs. MAX Friedman, G. T. R. Knorr and George Ford ..... The second classical concert of Messrs. Stoll, Barili and Rosewig was given at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., 6, the services rendered concert at the International Exhibition was given 8, with Misses Julia and A. Herzer, and Messrs. Daniel Ubil, Geo. Ford, Stoll, Barili and Rosewig as soloists.

THE HEYWOOD COMIC OPERA COMPANY will commence an engagement at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 9, concerts being given by Mlle. Elia Montejo, harpist; Mme. Rosa Linde, violinist, and the Lehigh Philharmonic Club, at matinees on 10 and 17 ..... The Tracy Titus Opera Company opens at this theatre 16, and MAX Strakosch, with his Italian-opera Troupe, including Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Anna Louise Cary, will give performances here 27 and 28.

ROBERT ECKHARDT, musician, who was charged with bigamy, as mentioned in a past issue, had a further hearing before Magistrate Best, in Philadelphia, Dec. 3, when the bigamy charge was dismissed. It should be stated that Eckhardt denied that he had ever been married to Miss Louise Hertrix, and claimed that it was an attempt to blackmail him.

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RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to ensure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, ETC., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

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